



A special look at DINOSAURS

itories by

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DAVID J. SCHOW JOE LANSDALE

RAY BRADBURY

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# From the publishers

### MY—WHAT BIG TEETH YOU HAVE!

If the great big type and the picture on the cover hasn't tipped you off, this issue features a skewed look at dinosaurs past, present and future. Next issue we return with our next favorite thing: Psychos We start our Serial Killer Serial—the Forgotten Heroes of Horor. Plus great fiction, interviews, a short course in brain transplants, and step-by-step instructions for creating your own nuclear wasteland. Till them—



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## THIS ISSUE

TT 7 HAT KILLED THE DINOSAURS?

ha management.

A good publicitst would have declared 1989 the
Year of the Dinosaur: 17 new books about the great
beasts, four comic books, several calendars,
imnumerable posters—our love for the myths and facts of the great
reptiles grows with time. Artists such as Bill Watterson (Calvin &
Hobbes) and Gary Lason have popularized every kids 'inclination to

duptherm about resuring through searming, prehistoric jungles. litering for the sound of tumder. This issue features Ection mot at that explores the outer corner or or ongoing affirm, kikhing off with an introduction by Italy Schow, winner of the 1988 World Fentasy award, follows with an bornings to Braffordy's classic story, Joe Lumdalde makes his second suppressions with an off the wall there and R.V. Biranham that the second suppression with an off the wall there and R.V. Biranham Mick Nichon and Tartery at Mick Indeed, and by William Sixus.

But there's plenty for you blood fiends—Anne Rice talks about vampires, Bill Nolan tells us a real ghost story, and we take a look at Horror's clichés...brrt'

-JH



# From Beyond





IF THIS IS THE FACE OF HORROR, WE'LL TAKE TWO.

### IN THE FLESH

R.C.

M C GARRA AND REMAND CHRISTIAN

M C GARRA AND REMAND CHRISTIAN

See To Collaborative brone seript, Rod

Sleep, to be produced as a feature by John

Lendis. Though Garris has algored to

write and direct Backer's in Far Geral,

with the Markar of the Garris and the

works and direct Backer's in Far Geral,

with the backer, and Collambia Television

has expressed an interest in Garris adapt.

"Right Calls the Green Falcon" as a TV

solid for a seronesed write.

### R.I.P.

Fant Twilight Zone, then Horror from Dept. R.S. Hadji regretfully informs us that Borderland Magazine is no more, citing insumountable obstacle. We'll always miss snother magazine with an attitude, and Bob's was one of the best and most literate. Pick up all the bock issues...if you can find them.



### THE STOKERS

The Order of the August against by The flow (row-mbas y areas gone by The flow) or the August against the flow or the August against the flow in New York (Ng—Thomas Harris' The Silmer of the Landw took the award for beat more of the Landw took the award for beat more of the McCammon's Silmer, Amon Rick's Queers of the Damed. F. Paul Wilson's Black Word, Ion Landale's The Drive In and Richard Laymon's Flesh. Strangel, Mr. Harris was not present to except his waved—busy constitute his more for his bust-steller, no doubt.

best-seller, no doubt.
Joe Landslike took short story honors for
"The Night They Missed the Horror
Show" in pal Dave Schow's anthology
Silver Scream."

Best novelette went to "Orange is for Anguish, Blue for Insanity" by David Morrell (Prime Evil), while best first novel went to Kelly Wilde for The Suiting (Tor). Best Collection went to Charles

Saiting (Tor).

Best Collection went to Charles
Beaumont: Selected Tales (Dark
Harvest).

Lifetime schievement awards went to
Ray Bradbury and Donald Chetwynd-

Hayes. Bradbury also received a Grandmaster Nebula this year. The awards move to Rhode Island next year, noted past prez Charles L. Grant. The Sicker Awards remain a one-day event, though this year the event was besieged by 150 authors, edisors, agents and other press. Can Horror-Con be far behind?

### AW SHUCKS, DEPT.

Harlas Ellisan's sarry "Finacion of Demon Sleep", files typhilised in Midnight Graffill Nº 1, was the Locus poll winner for best rocells. The story was also meninsted for a Bram Stoker sward, as well as the Higo. We'd like to congrantate Flatin for his multiple commissions—and we're pertry dam proud to have polithiedd the story. Does data—or the magazine data tastes good! Care we per "Award Winning" all over the cover in be, gasaly yype? Or should show the story of the cover in be, gasaly yype? Or should show the story of the cover in be, gasaly yype? Or should show the story of the cover in be, gasaly yype? Or should show the story of the story.

### AROUND TOWN

Director William Friedkin returns to the Horror genre after a long absence (1973's brilliant Horror classic The Exorcist) to film The Guardian Filming wraps late September on this chiller centering on the trials of a young couple who must save their child from an evil presence. The sememplay is based on the 1927 novel The Nanny, by Dan Greenburg, "This is a realistic film about inexplicable things," says Friedkin. The film centers on the basic fears of any young couple who place their child in another's case. The Guardian stars Dwier Brown, Carey Lowell and Jenny Seagrove. Look for an early 1990 release.

The Outer Limits, L.A.'s newest SF/ Horror bookstore, hosted the Splat Pack the weekend of Anguer 26th Signing their various works were Richard C. Matheson, John Skipp, Craig Spector, David J. Schow and Mick Garris. Director Tobe Hooner and son William helped with the store's displays by lending original props from Texas Chainton Marracce II and Tobe's Intent film Spontaneous Combustion including Leatherface's apron and suit, the cornse remost from Chairstow II and various cleavers, knives and limbs from his cult films. Dropping by were Chainsaw III stars, Ken Force (Dawn of Dead) and the newest Leatherface P A Mibriloff



### THEY'RE EVERYWHERE

FREDDY IS SVERTWHERE DEFT: How do you know when you've created a cultural icon? When good citizens who haven't even seen a Nightmare on Elm Street film. or episode of the T.V. series know who Freddy Kroeger is That's visibility (helf that's marketing and merchandising!). Two of the most entertaining plans: The opening of a Freddy House attraction at a major amusement park (no. it's not Unca-Walt's), and a proposed six for Freddy as the host of an installment of Saturday Night Live. Yesterday it was Superman. Tazzan, Micky Mouse, Today, Freddy, Tomorrow...do we begin to perceive a nottern bere?

Dave Schow can't get Le Gloved One cut of his life, either. First came an eleventh-hour request for a "dialogue rewrite" of A Niehtmare on Elm Street part 5: The Dream Child, during filming. "Pages were literally being messengered from my house to the set," Dave said. "The upside was that the exec producer read the new dialogue and was ecstatic, saying things like, 'I wish we could recast the film according to this dislogue!' The downside was that the loxes they'd already cast in the principle human roles were incapable of delivering the new dialogue on most of it's some Since the only real actor in these films is

Robert England, I'm hoping some of the revised Freddy disloone makes it to the final cut. Those are the lines an audience. will remember --- if they get a chance to hear them." A teaser trailer for the film (released August 11th ) denicts Freddy's glove slasting up from the smoky depths of a hell pram. Yeo that's Dave's hand in the glove, "It was fun; we had a blade wiper on set, and a KY Jelly girl for the hell peam. It was shot by Jerry Olson, who directed my enisode of Freddy's Nightmares Which is how I wound up in the glove." Those cloves, incidentally, are manufactured by effects man Ryan Effner, one of the stars of Somtow Sucharitkul's The Laushine Dead. Effner potes that he made about twenty of the ployes for the TV series and averages about fourteen gloves per feature. New Line Cinema vetoed the ides of a limited edition "Robert England Signature Glove" - a Freddy collector's item limited to 100 at a cost of \$1000 each, which is still a better deal that My Pretty Pony.

While publication of the hardcover edition of Book of the Dead Jagged behind the paperback release (Bantam), Mark Zeising is preparing to unleash not one, not two, but three Leadale short



story collections on the world. First up is By Bizarre Hands and the second has just been titled Git Back Satan. Joe is open to suggestions for the third title, and will probably ignore them.

On the other hand, dept: Watch out for the highballing fart issue of a new magazine, Iniquiñez, due citra New Year's and containing work by Dave Schow, Skipe & Spector, Chet Williamson, Melissa Mia Hall and others, continuing columns by Ed Bryant, Joe Lansdale and Bill Warren, and artwork by Tim Caldwell. Among others. Brave lads and lassies, these new-magaziners...

### BODY COUNT

Just who were them zombies, anyway? dept. Midnight Graffiti is proud to be the first journal to accurately report who was who on the celebrity Zombie & Corpse rotect of Somtow Sucharitkut? film The Langhing Dead — a slate that has been misreported in print more times than we have competitors.

Apart from featuring Somtow and Tim Sullivan (editor of Tropical Chills) in major roles, one standouf feature is the languid performance of Ed Bryant as a bos driver who gets his head squished. If you look fast you'll see Lydia Mazzno, founder of Dangerous Visions Bookstore, as the ubiquitous "Attendant."

### Here's the living dead roll call:

Arthur Byron Cover	Zombie #1
Tim Powers	Zombie #2
Brynne Stephens	Zombie #3
William F. Wu	Zombie #4
Wyatt Weed	Zombie #5
Martin Weiss	Zombie #6
Kirk Mouser	Zombie #7
Forrest J. Ackerman	Corpse #1
Bill Warren	Corpse #2
Len Wein	Corpse #3
Beverly Warren	Corpse #4



THE D.B. COOPER/H.P.

LOYECRAFT CONNECTION

SEATTLE - The FBI is not talking

about the recently revealed theory that D.B. Cooper, who hijacked a Boeing 727 in 1971 and parachuted into mystery with \$200,000 in \$20 bills, is really H.P.

Lovecraft, who himself disappeared in 1936 when he supposedly "died." Upon being featured recently on the television show AMERICA'S MOST

WANTED as one of cinine's great unsolved cases, the police artist sketches of Cooper were flashed on the screen and Lovecards enthurisats across the nation beneighd the TV allow's anonymous hostline, claiming that the drawings of the influencial beneric and the finite great screen and the policy of the influenced American dark finitesy in the 20th Century much as Poe did in the 19th Century.

"Ya' know, Lovecraft wrote stories about traveling through time and space. Maybe they were more than just stories, huh?" remarked one researcher. A criminologist contacted by

Midnight Graffill compared the few existing pictures of Lovecraft with the police artist detection of Cooper and remarked that, "The resemblance is annazing. Note the shape of the face, the thin tips, the eyebrows, the same receding hairine and even the protrading ears. Why didn't be wear a mask when he

hairine and even the protristing cars. Why didn't he wear a mask when he committed the crime? Because he didn't believe there was anyone alive who would recognize him, that's why!"

When this story broke it was noted

that, coincidentally, 1971 was the same year that August William Derieth (who had spent many years working to publicize Lovecraft's writing in all its forms) died at the age of 62. Had Derieth perhaps tumbled to the truth upon exploring one of Lovecraft's old humts?

"Thave heard that," said an unidentified investigator in the case, "But I also heard that Elvis is living in Detroit now. I put those two together."

### REPOSSESSED

Just in time to beat the release of Exoccist 1990 to the theatern ext. Spring is the horrer spoof, Repussessed. Starring Ledie Okladed gass) Wielens as Fisher Nily (In alkcoff on the Max Von Sydow role of Fathert Merin), he gets to vomit all over Linda Blaix, who Bayrs a proviously possessed victim, complete with bizzers green makeup and all. Whether these carnal yearnings for a crucifix was not known at treast them.

Co-starring in the film are Ned Beatty and Lana. Schwab as Jim and Tammy Paye Bakker parodies who televise the exomism.

televise the exorcism.

The film is written and directed by Rob Logan.

### DEPT. OF NAKED SELF-PROMOTION

Dinosaurs, Dinosaurs, Dinosaurs, It seems wherever you look today you see diposaurs, even in Midnight Grafitti of all places. Well, publisher/Co-Editor James Van Hise has contributed his own share to the proliferation in the Real Ghostbusters comic book. Van Hise has been writing the monthly comic book since it's first issue a year and a half ago, and in August and Sentember of this year, a two-part story appears in the book, in issues 15 and 16. featuring the Ghostbusters getting mixed up with warring factions of a race of intelligent, talking dinosaurs from the Earth's core. As if that's not enough, a followup to this story is slated to appear in issues 20 & 21 next year.

Dinosaura Dinosaura Dinosaura





### HELLRAISER RAISES UP AT MARVEL COMICS

The pair of popular Hellvairer films are being spun off into a quarterly comic book series under the Epic Comics impeint at Marvel Comics. The first issue appears in October, 1989, and will be a full color, 64 page comic book issued in what has become known as the "bookshelf" format made popular by the

Dark Keight mittle-series in 1962. "Clive Barker is supervising the project and reading all of the stories being written for zeries," and reading all of the stories being written for zeries, "and reading all of the stories being written for zeries," and the project of the pro

"Methodace is an unthodacy hook and features awarege of foot notice yet time, all thating piece writing of the stories per time, all thating piece within the same framework of this universe that be above on ety and entaillable. These notice that the piece on edy in commerciacy time, but in the piece and the leaders of the piece of the piece

While these stories are set specifically in the universe created by Barker's story "The Hellbound





### HELLRAISER

HELLRA





Heart" and the two Hellraiser films, they are more than just stories about different people's experiences with the Lemarchand puzzle-bex.

"We've come up with a background for the Lemarchand box, who its creator was, why it was brought into being," Chichester explained. "And in the context of that we've also come up with other puzzles that were created in conjunction and prior to the Lemarchand box, and these puzzles were used throughout time by various people. These stories will not only get into what happens to them, but will also in some instances get into more depth with some of the Cenobites and some of the inner workings of Hell. We've done stories of individuals becoming Cenobites and what it takes to go through the process to become one of these demons, so we'll be dealing with that concept from the films. For the most part we're dealing with completely new characters, other than the Cenobites, but that doesn't stop someone in the future from picking up on something from the films, such as with the Frank character or with something else. But for now people have been much more interested in developing their own ideas."

The series was organized originally by both Chichestee and Arché Goodwin. They got together with Clive Barker and wrote up a set of guidelines which serves as a bible for the series. This was then ore out to tatists and writes who they thought would be interested in the material and it elicited a very sitront resource.

and the properties of the films and their very graphic anterior is defined as the present of the films and their very graphic anterior in dealing with proce and velocites, and Chitchester stated that the Hellutates comic is also pressy graphic. "If part is no par with the films to a large degree. We've definitely tried to keep true to the films became that a really our impristions. So in terms of the visuals and in terms of the disturbance level of the content, we've mainstained a very fair consistency. I

think the only thing we've not really explored yet in the comic has been some of the more nade-sexual imagery that is in the films. But we are not disinclined to getting into were somebody to develop a story which bandled this well. We don't want the book to just become granultous or be a kind of violence fest. That's not what we've out to do. We're much more interested in really creating a whole texture of a very disturbious universe."

This is not to be confused with D.C.'s HellBlazer. comic, which started publishing around the time the first Hellbudzer film was released and in fact had to undergo a quick title change prior to publication to avoid being in conflict with the previously trademarked title of the film. To avoid confusion, Marrel'a

comic book is titled Clive Barker's Hellraiser.
"I think from our cover design and the way our book looks, there is little chance of our becoming

confused with the John Constantine Hellbharer book."
But this is not going to be Marvel's only foray
into the forboding realm of the imagination of Clive
Barker. Two other major projects are already in the
works: adaptations of Barker's new film, Nighthreed,
and of the novel Worsewood's

"Marvel is doing an adaption of his new liftin, Nighthered, which will be considing out in February coinciding with the film's release. The first four issues of the Nighthered come, will adapt the film and will be written by John Wagner and Alan Grant and illastrated by Jim Baikie. The tild will then continue in new directions, extrapolating from the film itself but going off on its own.

"We're also putiting together a three issue adaptation of Warneworld which will be bicking into jean very acon and probably will be appearing late in 1990. It's being adapted by Etic Siltragaber, a screenwriter who Cilve connected as up whit. The project has just come together within the last couple weeks so we haven's vet ecicled on on ant term, but that will be a

3-lssue, 64 page bookshelf format editions.
"It was Archie Goodwin's idea to do Hellraiser as an anthology extrapolating things from the films and with tink working out to well, Nighthread developed out of that naturally. I bed maggested Weaveworld as the third part of the trillogy of Clive Barker projects at Marvel,"

Other Clive Barker comic book projects ongoing at other publishers include Tapping The Veir from Sclipse (reviewed elsewhere in this issue of Midnight Graffit!) as well as an adaptation of "Rawhead Rex" slated to appear late in 1990 drawn by Steve Bissette for Arcane Comix.

YOU COULD

### AW SHUCKS II

Homordest '90 moves down the mountain to Dewer next May. Though organizer Ken Morgan Inovel last year's Starley Hotel Ioctation, the Easte Park site was a bit too remote for many folks. Nickanand 'Shirey Laves Congany,' Homordest will be three days of panels, vents and special guests. Appearing with writers Edmand Brysan, Chelicas, Other May and the start of the star

So come and join us in Denver May 11-13 at the Hollday Ina and Convention Center. Bring your ideas, manuscripts, and money for drinks, tribes, etc. We'll do lunch. For more information write: Horrorfest, P.O. Box 277652, Riverdale, ILL 60627-7652. For credit card memberships (only \$20.00 until March) and transportation deals call 1-800-798-2489 and ask for the Horrorfest desk. The British Funcasy Society will once again host the 14th annual British Funtasy Convention at the Midland Hotel in Birmingham. Pixie Di Wather will welcome guests Thomas F. Monteleone, Brisn Lumly and Stephen

For info, write: Fantasycon XIV, 15 Stanley Road, Morden, Surrey SM4 5DE, England. Say hi to Di.

Speaking of our friends on the U.K.; our you haven't had a chance to decke, our Skeleton C.r.ew, the semi-prozine from Grim Reaper Design, do so now. This semal format time, published by Dave Hughes and Nick Belcher, features fullsize interviews and Tection with Britain's top wrizers. Lots of art, chilling stories, sunber profilers—the works. For most justice: Grim Reaper Design, 104 Highelitife Road, Wackford, Essex, U.K.

### ONE MORE PLUG

One wild and witty newsletter we've just discovered is a must for Stephen King fans. Publisher Ray Rever met sent ne issue 5 of Castle Schlock, the 100% sodium-free Stephen King parody newsletter. The eight-page zine features crosswords, news bytes and a maniacal sense of humor. Castle Schlock reports on page 2: "New on your grocer's shelves in certain test markets Stephen Kings Scary-O's. A breakfast cereal for those of you who are not afraid to eat right!" And on Page 6: "Rarer than The Plant. More sought after than The Ganslinger. Mentioned in countless critical works. And available to the general reading public for the first time now! Stephen King's laundry list!" For more info and back issues, contact Dave Hinchenberger at the Overlook Connection, P.O. Box 526, Woodstock, GA 30188.

### LITTLE DID THEY KNOW

You probably know by now that director David Cronenberg is featured as the sinister Dr. Decker in Clive Barker's latest cinemamuerte. Nighthreed. You may also have learned of the cameo appearances of John Skipp and Craig Spector in same. Terry Erdman tells us the film is now scheduled for release in February 1990; and Clive will be in the States to promote the film. Some additional pick-up shots were needed in narly August, forcing Clive to cancel a planned trip to the States. In L.A., a local nitery called "Bogart's" announced. on radio and in local papers that Clive was scheduled to appear in mid-August to read from recent works. However, Clive was reported to know nothing about this nightclub's plans. What was Boost's explanation? "It didn't work out the way we hoped." We guess that means someone forgot to ask Clive if it was O.K.

In the same spirit, we would like to announce that next issue will fee to announce that next issue will fee to announce that next issue will fee to an a.k.a. D.B. Cooper, in which he reveals that he used all the money he stole for reconstructive surgery and a new identity as L. Ron. Hubbard.



DAVID CRONENSERG IS DR. DECKER IN NIGHTBREED.

-Jessica Horsting



### SIGN OF THE BEAST

I don't know. Call me an un hin outof-it-to-the-max dweeb, but I thought that the peace symbol had gone the way of hip-huggers and tie dyed tank toos (Grateful Dead concerts notwithstanding), I mean, Everybody I know storged wearing peace symbols about the same time Sammy Davis Jr. started doing his lawn-jockey bit at the Nixon White House with one dangling from his neck.

Well. I was wrong. According to my highly reliable fashion consultant-my friend Dave's thirteen year-old daughter. Alicia-kids all over the country are wearing peace symbols because they are "rad". Actually, she might have said "bad," she has a slight speech impediment caused by her braces. Anyway, Alicia knows about these kinds of things and she says everybody is wear ing peace symbols

I didn't have the beart to tell be about Pasadrna, Texas.

In what appears to be the beginning of a districtwide ban, six schools in Pasadena, Texas have outlawed the peace symbol because officials are convinced that it is a sign of Devil worship, a fact beretofore known only by the John Birch Society and George F. Will. The recent occult killings of fifteen in Matamoros, Mexico somehow reinforced the Pasadena School Board's belief that the symbol is demonic.

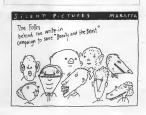
As a friend of American public education. I have written letters to members of the board, praising their courage and innovative leadership in the peverending struggle against Satan and his supporters. I also suggested that they look into the possibility of banning the flag of Texas, you know, the one with the his pentagram in the middle.



She doesn't like to talk about it, but for three weeks last April, Arkansan Cathy Barnes was held captive by five lizard-like beings from Outer Space and forced to become their LIFO Love-Slave. For twenty-two days she swept their node, been their young, and cheemd them up with her smile and up-beat personality. Then, without so much as a thank you or a souvenir, the operateful iguana-people beamed Miss Barnes back to ber Little Rock trailer park. "I don't like to talk about it no more 'cause people don't believe me. The think I'm making it all unon account of I don't have a picture of the saucer or nothin'," explained Cathy. DON'TLET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU! If you see

abducted by extraterrestrials, demand an affidavit, a photograph, or something that will substantiate your story. More than your credibility is at stake: \$10,000 and your freedom, to be exact

Philip Klass will pay ten big ones to anyone who can prove they were abducted by beings from another world. There's a bit of a catch, bowever, Klass, a retired senior editor of Aviation Week and Space Technology magazine, will pay the money only after the abductee has filed a kidnapping claim and the FBI has investigated and confirmed the report. But, if the Feds find the claim to be false, the perpetrator will face a \$10,000 fine and/or five years in a federal penitentiary for filling a fraudulent criminal complaint.



### A CROW-BAR AND A PRAYER

Now here's a beadline you couldn't have missed if you tried-"GRANNY CAUGHT IN A DECK CHAIR FOR TWO DAYS." Even that seriousminded stabs art of the fourtherstate, the Washington Fost, had to jump on this one. Pathos, terror and Iswn furniture,

the story had everything.

For these of yog just resembling from your holding on Plate, these are the your holding on Plate, these are the your deather. Being your and the plate, the plate of the plat

hours, hidden by the terrace enclorure.

Bad dreams and images of custommade caskets were starting to take their toll on our girl when a workman spot-

ted her and called the police.

Though Brigit escaped from her "deck chair of death" relatively unscathed with mild cases of dehydration and shock, no one, is seems, has given any thought

to Ms. Linder's dignity.

How would you feel if the world knew you had been bested by a beach

chair!

As a columnist for <u>Midnight Graffiti</u>,
a magazine known to have the most
compositionate readership in this bemirabbere, I appeal to you. Let Bright
Linder know that she is not alone.
Send your real-life larm familiar

horser story ASAP to Brigit. Life threatening, blood blister, or just plain nustywater-on-the-patio, she needs your story now. We will forward

### A VERY PERSONAL CIFT

This is a nice tale -A little macabre, but nice.

Dennis Genz used to be fat, so be went on a diet. A serious diet. He lost

Peeting like a scale model of his former self, Dennis was delighted with every hit of his new body, except one troubling feature—a twenty pound flap of emoty skin hanging from his abdo-

Meanwhile, a few bundred miles away, three month-old burn victins, Dexter Moore, was fighting for his life in an Indiana boopstal ward. As Dexter lay suffering, his doctors put out an urgent call for the one thing that could save the infant's life. Shin

Yep.
Mr. Genz had bis flap removed and donated the four aquate feet of flesh to Dexter's burn ward, where physicians successfully grafted a portion thereof to the little gay.

The health of a generous man and the life of a courageous baby. What a diet!

#### ANNDROID

She's had. She's beautiful.

stores across America.

She's vinyl.

Meet Anne Droid, erime fighting mannequin. With a camera in her eye and a microphone up her none, Anne and her namesakes stand guard against apparellifters in a steedily growing number of

Anne Droid Security Systems is the brainchild of former mannequin restorer, F. Jerry Gutierrez of Denver.

"My wife and I were in a jowedery too and they had a TV monitor set up, but I couldn't find the earners," said gutierrez. "then the jeweler showed me this tiny thing and I though, 'my god, that would fit in a meanequin."

Priced at about \$2,400, not including monitors or timelapse VCRs, Ms. Droid is a bit more expensive than most surveillance systems, but Gutterrez and his partner, Ezic Freehling, believe she is worth it.

"h's got a perspective no other system has," explained Freehling. "And its hearing capability is extremly important because many shoplifters, working in pairs, actually discuss the theft while there're in the store."

Store owners seem to agree. As word about the new system spreads, orders are coming in so fast, Gutierrez and Freehling are having a hard time keeping up with them. "One Denver company ordered ten systems for one store." be samed Freehling.

As a security-mad America slinks toward its Orwellian future, we can all breathe a little carier knowing that well-dressed Anne Droid is standing tall and silent in the boutique - her eye watching, her nose listening.



Got any headlines I might have missed? Send your stories to Russ Buchanan, clo Midnight Graffiti, 13101 Sudan Road, Poway, California 92604.

# PREVIEW: THE DARK HALF AND OTHER PRACTIONS

### BY TYSON BLUE

Well, summer's come and gone and all of you reading this have doubtleas already read the borror novels with which you whiled away those steamy days on the beach. But what, you may ask, can you look forward to in the fall and winter months to add that little extra snap to the air, that pleasurable chill to your spine? To make your task a little easier, we've been spending a little time reading the galley proofs and manuscripts which will become the books you'll be talking about this fall and winter, and maybe next year as mell

The big news for the fall is, of course, the publication of The Dark Half, Stephen King's first new novel in pearly two years. Although King's muchpublicized five-year layoff from publishing pew work has been shortened considerably, for most fans the wait has been long enough. In fact, one acquaintance of mine told me a few weeks app. that he was suffering from a heavy bout of Stephen King withdrawal.

The Dark Half should provide King fans with a solid fix for their entertainment bucks. Like the two novels that proceeded it - The Tommyknockers and the Stoker-Award-winning Misery - the new novel is centered around a writer. In this case. Thad Reasmont is a novelist who has had a great deal of success writing violent thrillers under the psepdonym George Stark, but only critical and sales success with the handful written under his own name. He divides his time between the towns of Ludlow and Castle Rock, familiar King territory.

When circumstances force Beaumont to reveal and do away with the Stark pseudonym, a chain of events is set in motion which will link Beaumont to Stark in a novel and original turn on the classic Frankenstein tale. To say much more would rain the readers' enjoyment of what is certain to be one of King's best

novels, a relief to those readers who were disappointed by The Tommyknockers (although, to be fair, it should be considered that The Tommyknockers was the last of five books King produced that year, was edited very fast under the supervision of two editors, and underwent substantially more revision during that process than any of the four that proceeded it, including a sex-change for one of the two main characters!)

It is obvious that some of the spark for The Dark Half came from King's experiences with pseudonymous writing in connection with his five Richard Bachman novels. In fact, the original draft of this novel was credited to both Stephen King and Richard Bachman. although at present. Bachman's help is acknowledged in an author's note.

The book's cover features a bluish white skeletal face which is partially obscured by the orange title lettering, which breaks away from the brand name, stylized Stephen King logo Viking has used for King novels since 1982's Different Seasons. It is currently scheduled to be published in November. and will retail for \$21.05





At about the same time, Tor Books will release it's Halloween headliner, the long-awaited and eagerly anticipated second novel by Lisa W. Cantrell, whose first novel, The Manue, won the Bram Stoker Award for Outstanding First Novel from the Horror Writers of America. Her new novel, The Ridge, proves that her performance the first

time out was no fluke. The novel centers around The Ridge, a former monastery built on a

narrow ridge of stone projecting out into the sea off the Carolina coast, which has been serving as the home of a family, who are (literally) splattered across the walls and criting as the story opens. Nick Vears, a tough-as-nails loner with a murky past and no qualms about dispensing violent death, comes to The Ridge to find that the only survivor of this catastrophe is his daughter, Sara, who apparently has strong psychic powers which can shield her from whatever killed her mother - Vears' exwife - and stepfather, whose sister Danielle, is wary of Vears' sudden reappearances in his damphter's life. Added to the mix is a mysterious

cavem beneath the old chapel of The Ridge, and a group of rock musicians whose leader. Set, is trying to unrayed the secret of a glowing stone in that

The most intriguing thing about The Ridge is Cantrell's skillful use of suspense in this povel. The only real action in the book comes at the very beginning and the very end. Most of Cantrell's time is spent detailing the characters' search for the secrets of The Ridge, doling out enough detail to keep readers going until the final revelation is made. Granted, there is a little maybem along the way, but by far the most outstanding thing about The Ridge is the remarkable gift Cantrell clearly has for building and maintaining reader suspense. It's a novel to look for, and a novelist to watch.

Another up and-coming novelist is Rick Hautals, a Maine-based horror writer whose next novel, Dead Voices, should be coming from Warner Books late this year or early in 1990. Hautala has been gathering steam steadily since the publication of his third book, Night Stone, a few years back, and his new book is easily the best to date.

Dead Voices is the story of Elizabeth Myers, a young woman who returns to her hometown in Western Maine to escape her crumbling marriage and her confused feelings about the death of her daughter about a year before.

Instead, she is plunged into a gruesome sightmare of horror and necromancy in a bone-chilling tale of horror which centers around the eeric possibilities of speaking with the dead. Several methods for doing this are explored by Hautala in the novel, all of them depicted with an authenticity of detail which shows the care with which have so that the method is not present the several method to the method to the method to the several metho

Hustala war a student at the University of Maine at Orano at the same time as Stephen King, which may explain why he hits many of the same makes as King in his words. It is well worth the trouble to chase down his six previous novels, all paperback originals and all still in print. And to keep an eye peeled for Dead Voices, which might will be Hauthaid \*Pet Semantary.



IF THOSAURS HAD SURVIVED .

"I may have gone too far with this con." Hustala is both on recently, I don't think no, but then I though Rook of the best pidge of this type of thing. Perhaps the most telling meant I can make a most not not be the best pidge of this type of thing. Perhaps the most telling meant I can make a most Dood Valees is this: about three-quarters of the way through the manuscript, and gold perhaps the pidge of the Valee I have been a pidge on the pidge of the pidge of the way through the manuscript is to jump right intoogh I was drying to jump right inched. I whatala's took on hold until I finished. I

Hautala's book on hold until I finished. I bad to keep reading it until I finished. It's that seed.

Dean R, Koontz also has a new novel in the works, now slated for January 1990 publication. Entitled The Bad Place, it promises to be more or a horror-oriented novel than some recent Koontz novels, which have had a strong science-fiction slant.

The Bad P lace is set in Orange communications, Koonez' own steeping grounds, and is the story of the Dakotas, a couple of private eyes who take on the challenge of their careers and get more than they bargained for. Koozt hasn't given our many details about the book yet — he's a man who likes to play

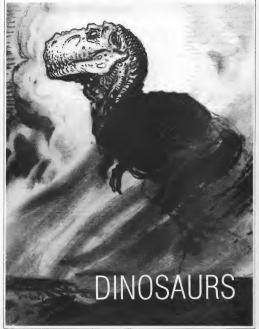
his hand close to the chest — But he has stated that he feels that the villain of the novel is perhaps the best and scariest he has cooked up since the psychopushite killer of his classic novel Whitpers. We can only hope he's right. There's some action on the film front

in the fearcast as well: Castle Rock Entertainment is in the preproduction stages on their upcoming film version of Stephen King's Misery. Not much information is available as yet—it's still very early in the process — but here is what we do know.

Rob Reiner, who directed Stand By Me, which most people consider the best King film ever, in scheduled to direct the lists, from a screeplay by William Goldman, who has written the scripts for such classics as Marathon Men, Butch Cassisly and the Simdance Kid and Reiser's proceedings of Goldman's own novel The Princess Bride. King, who has read an early dark of the screenplay, was

reportedly quite impressed with it.

There is no word yet on either casting or locations for the film, but keep watching this space and we'll keep you posted.



14-MIDNIGHT GRAFFITI

Art by William Stout © 1989

# INTRODUCTION

At dinner one night, some years ago, someone asked each of us to name, in order of importance, our Most Favorite Subjects in All the History of the World!

"Dinosaurs!" I cried. Followed swiftly by, "Egypt. Tutankhamen. Mummies!"

To bulwark my selections, I recounted a short tale about my own life as a twelve-pear-toll genius-in-the-hud. Telling my fitneds I was off for life as a radio actor, I trotted down to the local station in Tuscon, Arizona, hung about friendless, rootless, emplying ashtrasys, running for Cokes, and exerting my own peculiar animal magnetism. Within two weeks, I wound up On The Air reading the comics to the kiddies every Sautrulya night. Payment for same?

Free tickets for King Kong and The Mummy.

I was the richest boy I ever knew.

For doing what I loved to do, how nice that God, and the station

BY RAY BRADBURY

manager, handed me passes to rub elbows with prehistoric monsters and dead Egyptjan kings!

When I had finished saying all this, there was an instant revision of Lists at our table. Men and women, of all sizes, shapes, colors and ages, had to agree I had hit on Subjects Number One and Two.

But, especially One.

Dinosaurs.

For, as I put it to my friends:

"If, this very instant, a stranger rushed into this room crying, 'My God, there's a dinosaur outside!' what would you do?"

"Run out," everyone admitted, "and look!"

"Yes," I said, "even though you were absolutely sure it couldn't



be true. How come, though, you would leap and run like that?

Because you hoped for a miracle. In your secret heart of hearts you wanted brontosaurus, tame of course, to come back in the world.

"In fact." I added, turning to a television producer who had

'In fact, I added, turning to a television producer win final asked me, earlier, what I would like to write for television, "if you gave me prime time, and a few dollars, there's nothing I'd write better than a show called Dinosaurs! Roos? That was watched by only fifty or sixty million people. Our Dinosaurs would rampage the country and grab every eye. Please pass the pteranodoors.

Of course, nothing ever happened. I got everyone at dinner to admit they'd love to see such a television special, and the shard feeling was that dinosaurs were just about the greatest children of history, but the network executive never called back. I think he awoke the next morning blanning the wine.



18-MIDNIGHT GRAFFTIT

Art by Tim Burgard € 1989

I haven't as yet figured out what should be in third place. Could be the Moon. Or Mars. They almost make it. But Stegosaurus makes it Maybe because he's underfoot. We can see and touch and think on the bones that lie before us, along with the eggs, long since have touched one, and only our space-traveling cameras have eyed perhaps those worlds will crowd Tut and pterodactyl at the tape.



But as for now I accept the fact, and proclaim it quietly, that without dinosaurs my life would have been nothing at all. Dinosaurs started me on the track to becoming a writer. Dinosaurs helped push me along that track to acceptance. And a dinosaur who fell in love with the sound of a lighthouse foglom in a story called "The Fog Horn," which I wrote and published in 1950, changed my life, my income, and my way of writing forever.

In this story, which was the basis for the film, The Beast from 2000 Fathoms. I allowed my gahered love for such beasts to speak out; that dew the attention of John Huston in 1953. He read the tale and sympathized with the plight of a monster who took the melancholy cry of the foghom for the mating call of yet another lost beast. Huston sensed the ghost of Melville in the whole, and called me in to write the screenplay of Moby Dick.

What Huston sensed, of course, was not Melville but the influence of Shakespeare yanked the Bible on me. And since the Bible and Shakespeare yanked the White While full-blown from Melville's brow, it all ends the same. I got the job, wrote the script, and watched as Melville and his beast of prehistory settled into my life with vast tonances and permanence.

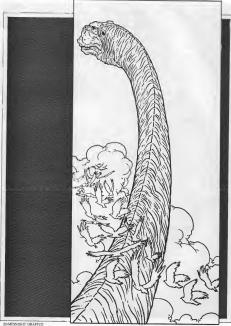
So, you see, the dimosaurs that fell off the cliff in *The Lost World*, that ancient 1925 film, landed squarely on me, as did *King Kong* when I was twelve. Squashed magnificently flat, breathless for love, I floundered to my toy typewriter and spent the test of my life

dying of that unrequited love.

Along the way I met another young man, exactly my age, with exactly the same love, if not to say lust. For those prehistoric creatures paced his days, and stirred his nights. The young man's name was Ray Harryhausen. He was building, and animating with stop-motion 8mm film, a family of dinosaurs, in his backyard garage, I visited the family often, handled the beasts, talked for hours, many nights in many years, with my friend, and we agreed; he was to grow up and britd dinosaurs, I was to grow up and dialogue them. And it cannet to pass.

The Beast from 20.000 Fathoms was the first and only film we

shared together. Not a great film, not even a very good one, but the start of two careers that finally took his motion pictures, his beasts, and my books, into some of the farthest corners of the world. Culminating with the night when 1 introduced Harryhausen at a special screening honoring him, at the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences. As 1 finished my introduction, Faw Wrax, the beroine of the 1933 version of King Kong,



ran out of the audience, grabbed and hugged us both, and put the capper on two lives that had started with simple direct loves in museums, movie houses, and garages, a long time ago.

Along the way, Harryhausen and I had to put up with a lot of fly-by-night, round-heeled, always opinionated and always wrong pardon-my-feet-on-the-table producers. I became so enraged with the way one of them treated Ray that I wrote the story

"Tyrannosaurus Rex" to restore my sanity.

Right now is conclession time. Some fultry-odd years ago, Ray Harryhausen, my wife Maggie, and I attended a performance of Stegfried with the then eminent tenor Jussi Bjötling performing the title role. We went, of course, not to see Stegfried, or to hear the music, which was of course glorious. We went to see—God bless our lost sweet souls—Faffrer, the Dragon.

probably go on most opera lovers' lists as the coarsest, most unthinking, most damnable Stepfred attendees in history. I accept the damnation and live with the guilt. Nevertheless, there we were, the three of us, in the lower left hand side of the balcony, waiting for what seemed nine hours, and was probably only eight, for Fafner to appear.

appear.

He appeared all right. I saw an inch of his left nostril, Maggie saw one of his whiskers, and Harryhausen saw only the vast cloud of steam Fafner gave off in his brief "aria" before he vanished.

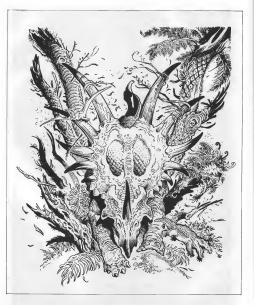
For, you see, our seats were so devilishly positioned, and the scenery onstage so cleverly built, that at least one-third of each audience never saw the brute clear. We were part of that one bereft third

Stunned, Ray and I looked across my wife at each other. The long wait through the admittedly wondrous music was all for nothing.

Shortly thereafter, we beat a retreat to the foyer, and thence, defeated and disconsolate, home.

Heading west toward the sea, a great car passed us carrying, in the back seat, a dark-haired queen, Elizabeth Taylor.

She was no consolation.





David J. Schow makes his second appearance in Midnight Graffiti with the following time travel story, a tip of the hat to the grandaddy of such stories, Bradbury's "The Sound of Thunder."

# KAMIKAZE BUTTERFLIES

HAT STORY. IT'S A CROCK." ARENAS WAS BEING CONTRARY. "IT SUCKS."

"That story is still the reason you and I are here, assingle." Satch spat back. Literally spat: Flakes of beef spread and cracker spattered Arenas' combat vest. He was barechested beneath muscular, sweaty.

NATURES, THE WAS SARKELINSTED BENEVATI, AND SECONDS INTO TWO DOTORS THAN LOOK, AND ARRADY IT HAD BECOME INTO TWO DOTORS THAN LOOK, AND ARRADY IT HAD BECOME INTO TWO DISTRICTS. THAN LOOK AND THE TOTAL PROTECTION, MASTERSON'S THAN LOOK AND THE TOTAL PROTECTION. THAN LOOK AND THE TOTAL PROTECTION OF THE TOTAL PROTECTION OF THE TOTAL PROTECTION. THE AREA IN TO BE ADDRESS. AND YOU, LIMPHOUS, OR IS BROOM TO SOME BOOKANGE CASES WITH YOUR TESTING. THE THERMAL WAS FEW FOR DISTRICT. THE THERMAT WAS FEW FORMAL PROTECTION OF THE TOTAL PROTECTION OF THE TOTAL PROTECTION. THE TOTAL PROTECTION OF THE TOTAL PROTECTION OF THE TOTAL PROTECTION OF THE TOTAL PROTECTION OF THE TOTAL PROTECTION. THE TOTAL PROTECTION OF THE TOTAL PROTECTION OF THE TOTAL PROTECTION OF THE TOTAL PROTECTION OF THE TOTAL PROTECTION. THE TOTAL PROTECTION OF THE TOTAL PROTECTION OF THE TOTAL PROTECTION OF THE TOTAL PROTECTION. THE TOTAL PROTECTION OF THE TOTAL PROTECTION OF

BY DAVID J. SCHOW Arenas shifted back into his camp-complainer mode: "This ain't a military op, Sarge, so you don't really have any — " "That's why it's not an order, buttplug."

The bliching nover himg long in the sufficienting hemistly. They were all deficient, inversorbily committed, just cours, hemistly, tempered and basies many enough to believe they were right, the outtains and the sufficient of the suffering of the sufficient of

always be the same.

The mory suggested that if you hopped into a time matchina, craitee backwork, and modelled with the macerime of past sevents, you could dirrupt in stero the world you had left. You could terminate a family line coses before in suncenter evolved to semience. The seed family line coses before in suncenter evolved to semience. The seed whole civilizations could be massed down to their skelactors and the whole civilizations could be massed down to their skelactors and the state of the

counting on that story being right.

containing on that story bening right. They quickly discovered that Herselitzs had been for would have been, yak, yak) right, too. Time was a river. And if you publised against the current, all the wey bot to the month of the waterway, and pilled your bour and supplies costs the sheet, both you and had before you got earlied would work juit purply, disquite the second with the control of the control of

You could get killed in back-time. Absolutely. But conventionally, and not thanks to a mean twist of plot.

McCullough had gotten killed, conventiocally, just this moming, and his measy dealth was what had Arenas burmend. Boyo was dammed near catatomic. Masterson noted that the men had reverted to calling him Sarge. It was something permanent, a reliable fallback in the jungle heat of what had been a one-sided war, until

this morning.

Beyo squatated near the coffee fire, his blond rag-cut stared stiff with dy shoot. Half of McCullough had dropped and palatered him, and three hours later he was still rigid and staring, eyes too wide and blinking too frequently. The few words he had spoken concerned McCullough. He worsheered aloud whether the fluids of his partner's tissue, which now soulced his came futigues, consistend meteocorpassions that were still allow. Germs that mights someday

evolve into a new McCullough.

They were all going to die on this mission. They knew it and it was no strain. McCullough, however, had been the run's first

casualty, and the way in which he had bitten the big one was spectacular.

Rather, Masterson thought morbidly, it was the way the big one had bitten McCullough . . . There were all sorts of special surprises they had not anticipated, despite primo recon. Like a Tyrannosuarus Rex coming at them from out of the trees, for example.

They had been hacking their own trail, staggered at threeyed unterwals, Sette whiling point. June part deam they speeds a bend of swan-necked Maissauers and massacred the indepost. France and Aureans and Bill protects the lambering regelles. "Deburge titres" was the expression Bill had coined for shooting out a legs discounter's key with a RIVE. Blow the creae and the whole beast compiled them Boye had daven as mit of fifty-fifty from his surrounded them they had presented. The meals was servial.

twenty klicks we be soont the piragle we levery communing timed by occultar granter. Then had been an hope continue, reactive, contents or one of Memdous's half-smoked Luckies. The Hames had engagled set entire volley, fooding on the world and felodinging. The continue of the continue

Big reptiles could make the creepiest sounds when they died.

They sortied from breath to tropical thickets, where it was close and odors. The cancery of fromt method to block the sum not steam them showly in their togs, Blull and Statch managed to pick off worse planting, arrange protection, but any sixth from purch to covering failing, current protection, but any sixth from purch to the strength of the contract of the contract of the contract of the them wering into trees and currisheding entitives to some plots say between the contract of the contract of the contract of the current was presty council. They shall all the missis tereging for contract with a reservi-two foot wintegens fold up and crash officentum was presty council. They shall all the missis tereging for government was presty council. They shall all the missis tereging for growing the protection of the contract of the Boys, who examped in brad flat and, laughing, mode mod of its groups brains.

All nine men paused to chuckle or ignite smokes when the whole enclosed atrium of jungle seemed to vibrate, which froze them all, cat-alert. McCullough looked up and found himself at ground zero of a widening shadow, just like Wile E. Coyote, eyes whitely visible in the abruht darkness caused by the Rex landing dead hone on his head. A tri-taloned foot the size of a Datsun mashed him the same way Boyo had danced on the twirly-bird. Nobody had foreseen a ton-plus of death roosting above them. Bushwhacked by a monster with barely a quart of brains. But hell, nobody had ever expected it to be such a virulent purple and yellow, either, and by the time the team could gaven at such wonderment and maybe wheel a LAWs rocket around to bear. McCallough had been gnashed in two. They all heard his ribs implode like cracking knuckles. Franco gut-shot it; dammed-up digestive gases sometimes made the beasts explode, and this one did, drenching everyone. Boyo did not intend to block any of the debris, but part of McCullough came whirling and hit with enough force to tear the flamethrowing rig from his back. It was the





half with the head, and when Boyo sat up and opened his eyes, there was that head in his lap, staring right back, the fluids that had made his buddy function now soaking his fatigues.

Out of the trees, thought Masterson, out of the goddamned trees,

#### JOURNAL OF MATTHEW KOPERNICK DATE (?)

No conquere in history hat even had the having of the perspective we experience cervy line we may do an arother anticultures life. The lesson of the story is that baterflare cours. Worthest bage can change history. Historylike is when determines a service of the state of the state of the state of the state of the been ching THAT all care lives. But now the difference is that we are started that the changes we are we recline (pri) will be broad, necepsic, altering literally verything that is to come. Not that well the to see any off. If have brown, and for warriors, the bowledge is

erough to astain as.

One thing more: We are men, nothing less, but not gods or super beings. Should anyone ever dig up this journal and prove invelligent enough to fathom this language, that's the single for twe all wast made diamond clear: We sortied into our past and changed the building block all around, but were men. Even with a purpose as heightened as we decided ours way, we could still die, and McCollowsh did like a solider.

Sarge handed the journal back to Kopernick. "You think this is important for somebody to know?"
"Somebody should say something, that's all." Kopernick had taken to speaking in hourse whispers, like a man whose life was

on the wane in a movie.

"Fine. Sign it, seal it in one of the vacuum cannisters, and maybe a billion years from now something with tentacles and eyes on stalks will dig it up and go bannanus trying to decipher the meaning of the word fack."

of the wonly-lead of a phaston mile. "Yeah, Sounday, maybe." Kegmitch had been fine on who to much the both to veprize the time-travel lich things seconds after our departure. He'd always wared to beth to plent on indivimention, and driven one had chand them, Masterien assumed this pupyly had detonated for more than the plent of the plent of the size of hard chand them, Masterien assumed this pupyly had detonated for more than the size of the size of the size of the size of McCulleagh had. They had growbed and plented and, in microcome, demonstrated all the trains formgat form had more to object in a world of vimpy rollsion, do-nothing artimistrations, breadbuttering lawyers, mast child killers, greep governments and the low common decominants of the under topical and unprincipled, the copysis and terms over with a fresh body.

Arenas, Frank, and Mendoza began calling themselves the Terrible Trio, once Kopernick told from that the Greek revo tof the word dinosaur translated directly as "dire starrians," not "terrible lizards." The lizards were nothing in the terrible department, soc compared to them. They were armed, sentient men, and Greek was now a language that would never exist. What hey, victory.

The stopy went that the interiest cloth, the soundiness puber-trained of a bumply's fragille both in the part, could grow, in the finant, so a thundermonic, a pulpoids fibe-offsite of sound that the finance of the fire of

Stories could be rewritten. Authors die, tastes evolve, and all of a sudden some latter-day Mongol monarch decides recorded history should begin with him and razes entire cultures to ash and

legend.

Technology has always existed to simplify ancient procedures. Just look at torture.

Frenco, crazy fuck, decided he wanted to taste spitted dinosaur meat. Masterson said it would make him sick. Franco told him that it tasted like rattlesnake, only juicier. Then he died, vomiting blood and little foamy hunks of his own guts.

Dinossurs: 2. Omega Team: 13,000+. With two men gone, some cockiness waned. Fright and hostility took their turns. Konemick shelled in and rarely snoke to anyone. Boyo's eyes stayed under the spell of McCullough's dead gaze. Satch got pissed and shot a tracer round into his face. Boyo died trying to slap out the fire in his head. Masterson returned the anger by blasting Satch out of his combat boots. The giant roaches dug up the military graves and ate the remains. Arenas and Mendoza, the surviving two thirds of the Terrible Trio, died together when they went searching for Bull, who had gone into the forest to take a dump and never come out. The Dire Duo took a lot of irritated prehistoric lifeforms along when they checked out. When Kopernick went insane, Masterson disarmed him and confiscated his yet-unburied icumal. When he managed to cut his own cartoid. Sarge added a final entry and sealed the book up forever. He did not sign his name. What would be the point?

All I'd like to do now is stop, and hope our fight really means something, and go home. But of course I am home aiready, It's impossible to go back because all of time lies ahead. Like time, I can only march forward.

Like history, I can only spend my remaining hours waiting for that knife in the back.

As he was putting down the cumister along with Kopernick's corpse, something filtred past Masterson's sweating face. It was a large, glassine insect, much like a busterly, its cobweb wingwork splotshed with idiograms of color. It circled his head and lit on the grinned handle of the folding space. Masterson laughde, dently now, and let it live.

MIDNIGHT GRAFFITI-29



30-MIDNIGHT GRAFFITI

Art by Darryl Tutchon © 1989

# DINOSAUR PLIÉS

### AN INTRODUCTION

Welcome to Audition and Placement examinations for the Academy of Mesozoic Dance, First Year Forms. Applications are open to any dineasur between two and six years of age, and must be stamped by a parent (Biological parent only. No Guardians, except for Orphans or Particides. If one has questions, one should wait until after the examination results are amnounced.)

As with years past, we shall use Le Sacre Du Pritemps for ambience.

And may the better dinosaur rip the flesh of the lesser, figuratively speaking of course.

BY R.V.BRANHAM

### ADOLESCENT DANCES

Will the Hadrosaurs—yes, all duckbills, please come to the bars as one's name is announced: Parasaurolophus, lambeosaurus, Saurolophus, Corythosaur.

— Please, Madame Maissaurus! One must either watch impartially or be asked to leave! We do not want to have to resort to calling in Officer Rex, now do we?

Excuse me, girls.

When I call out a position, it will be executed punctually
and without enquiry. Are we understood? Failure to follow
instructions accurately may result in immediate disqualification.

Okayl Now—matte, please! Girls: Demiplie, all positions, except the third. Very good, Wash-your heads, use the Second Position of the Head until wide otherwise. Meademakes the Lambonaurar, area on he reminded that one in not he helding a violin—? Wash those Positions onwerte, Mademoisells or Violin—? Wash those Positions onwerte, Mademoisells of the Matter of the Second Conference on the Advance. Prior Power derivens, followed by an Power deview. The second of the Matter of

### DRESS REHEARSAL ABDUCTION

Who's responsible for this—?!

Who let those Heterodontosaurus in, the randy buggers—
17 Girls, come back! Where is Officer Rex when one needs him?

# We might as well continue.... ROUNDS OF SPRING

Please come to the boar, yee, to the hard When your name is atmospaced. Now. Mr. Brombosterous—you changed your name to whate — To Ayamoster.—To Ayamoster.

\*\*The Ayamoster.\*\*\*

\*\*The Ayamoster.\*\*

\*\*The Ayamoste

Please, young ladies and gentlemen. Keep a very wide distance between one's face and one's neighbor's tail. Speaking of tails, one must be very, very careful to control the motions of one's tail during the dance. It is the essense of the Dance.

Now! Five grand plies! Fair—not bad, not bad, not good, but not bad. At all times both Head and Tails in First Position. Very good, it shows pride. Positions soulevees, all of them—in no particular order. Improvise. Think cloud.

Better than one would expect. Interesting,

#### SUCCEDENCE IN A MERCHANDARY OF THE SUCCESSION OF

Everyone, being all applicants, to the bars! Strutching excessises! One may play, but no duals, no combat.

We, being your examiner and head of this Academy, will

take a brief break for evaluation considerations.

Again, behave. There will be monitors in our absence.

### THE SAGACIOUS ELDER'S PUBLIC APPEARANCE

At this point in our Auditions, it is customary to wait for the Public Appearance of the Sagacious Elder, who founded this, the Academy of the Mesozoic Dance. But...

....The Elder never appears. Never has, in anybody's memory. But we are not barbarians. We wait. Sixty seconds of quiet meditation, please.

### THE EARTH ADOPT

And what time is it? Is it time for our lunch break? Is it time yet?

#### EARTH DANCE

It is, I believe, time for our lunch break.

Let us reconvene these Auditions in one hour. Or so.

Let us now, then fall upon the Earth and feed our faces.

# ANOTHER INTRODUCTION

Welcome back.

I am sure you have heard some remours— it being a smallish community—about my departure. Some of them have recarded the theft of some nees from the hatchery.

It is not true. And the parties responsible—we all know who they are—shall be hearing from my Solicitor. It is true, however, that we are retiring. But not departing

from this dear circle of friends.

I can tell, from your restraint, from your lack of response, that you are deeply moved. We see deeply moved. One must, we

suppose, show dignity.

This will be our last Audition together. Let us strive, together, to make it the best in living memory.

# MYSTERIOUS ARCS AND SECANTS OF THE ADOLESCENTS

Oh, so our duckbills return, as supplicants, if these garlands indicate anything. We must suppose that one cannot be held to blame when one is being parassed by platoous of paramours. But what, we must ask, are these ares and socants upon the

But what, we must ask, are these ares and secants upon the floor of the Dance? Is there a significance or scular, occult...? Are they drawings of divinity or of delinquents?

### GLORIFICATION OF THE CHOSEN CANDIDATE

But, girls —? You lay these garlands, these offerings, at my fee? It moves me to tears, to be so honored, and by those who will not even be my students (though I do indeed have a decision in their fates, as Students of the Dance).

### CONTURING THE ANCIENTS

It is now time, as tradition dictates, that we introduce our new Mistress. However, during lunch, she suggested a break with custom which would allow me a few more moments of glory.

I have gone over the examination results with our new Mistress, and selections have been made.

These selections will be announced later, at the banquet. To which all and sundry are invited. So let us, instead, have another sixty seconds of quiet

meditation. If not the Elder, then perhaps one of the Ancients may return. THE ANCIENTS' RITUAL

No Ancients. No Ritual.

Perhaps next year there should be a discussion among the Board regarding changing the format of these ceremonies.

### SACRED DANCE. THE CHOSEN CANIDATE

Again, to the bars. I have decided to give you your first lesson. Way, some of you may ask, does one need the Dance? After all, it is instinctive with the dinesses. Yes and no, because yes you are born with basic technique and the vocabulary of the Dance, and no because you use primitive and sorrefined, with no sense of mance or subdiery.

Also, there is no place in the Dance for hamor, for japes, for puras. We heard that silly joke about us not being at the banquet, but being the banquet. Jokes about our weight are in bad form, and form is the essence of the Dance.

So, let us see some demipties—I feel like a Ringmaster, standing in these rings.

Demiplies, First and Second Positions—what's this?

Back to the Bars, everyone!

And would our audience be so kind as to return to their

Now. Heads and Tails erect, Proud! Do not bare your teeth It is rude to bare your teeth on the dance floor. It is a sort of scarlige and a definite act of agression! Do not wag your Tails—we-only do that when we are hungry. And have we not already had our hunch? Don't wag your tails—I Back, we say, Back.—I

FOR IGOR S., PROFORMA

# DAR TO STATE OF STATE

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# **BOB THE DINOSAUR**





# DISNEYLAND

For a birthday present, Fred's wife, Karen, bought him a plastic, inflatable dinocatur—a Tyranosaurus Rex. It was in a cardboard box, and Fred thanked her and took the dinosaur downstains to his study and took it out of the box and spent twenty minutes taking deep breashs and blowing air into it.

When the dinosaur was inflated, he sat it in front of his bookshelves, and as a joke, got a mouse ear hat he had bought at Disneyland three years before, and put it on the dinosaur's head and named it Bob.

Immediately, Bob wanted tog to Diencyland. There was northing the ambition. He talked hour it might and day, and it got so the study was no place to visit, because Bob would become most unpleasent on the matter. He seroumged around downstairs at night, people gib follow; stringing the Mousekeret theme lood and long, waiting up Fred and Knern, and when Fred would come downstairs on the cases must his Do, blo wouldn't listen. He wouldn't have a minute is

worth of it. No, sir, he by golly wanted to go to Disneyland.

Fred said to Karen, "You should have bought me a

Brontosaurus, or maybe a Stegasarus. I have a feeling they'd have
been easier to reason with."

Bob keps it up night and day, "Dianeyland, Disseyland, I want to see Mickey. I want to see Donald." It was like some kind of mantra, Bob said it so much. He even found some old brochures on Disneyland last Fred had stored in his clost, and Bob syread those out on the floor and by down near them and looked as the pictures and wagged his great tail and looked wistful.

"Disneyland," he would whisper. "I want to go to Disneyland."

And when he wasn't talking about it, he was mooning. He'd come up to breakfast and sit in two chairs at the table and store blankly into the syrup on his pareakes, possibly visualizing the Matterhom ride or Sleeping Beauty's castle. It got so it was a painful

#### BY JOE LANSDALE

(For Jeff Banks)

thing to see. And Bob got mean. He chased the neighbor's dogs and tore open garbage sacks and fought with the kids on the bus and argued with his teachers and took up slovenly labits, like throwing his used Kleenex on the floor of the study. There was no living with

that dimeasur. Finally, Fred had had enough, and one moming at breakfast, while Bob was staring into his paneakes, moving his fork through them lazily, but not really styring so eat them (seed Fred had soviced that Bob had lost weight and looked as if he needed sin!). Fred

said, "Bob, we've decided that you may go to Disneyland."
"What?" Bob said, jerking his head up so fast his mouse hat
flow off and his fork scraped across his plate with a sound like a
fingermal on a blackboard "Reality"

Impermal on a blackboard. "Reality!"
"Yes, but you must wait until school is out for the summer,

and you really have to act better."

"Oh, I will, I will," Bob said.

Well now, Bob was one happy dinosaur. He quit throwing Kleenex down and bothering the dogs and the kids on the bus and his teachers, and in fact, he became a model citizen. His school grades

Finally, the big day came, and Fred and Karen bought Bob a sait of clothes and a nice John Deere cap, but Bob would have a nothing to do with the new dats, the wave his mouse our hat and a sweatshirt he had bought at Goodwill with a faded picture of Mickey Mouse on it with the words Disneyland inscribed above it. He even institted on carrying a battered Disney lunchbox he had picked up at the contraints.

the Salvation Army, but other than that, he was very cooperative. Fired gave 80 bytany of money and Karen gave hime some tips on how to eat a balanced med allity, and then they drive be lim to the airport in the back of the pickup. Bob was so extend he could hardly six still in the airport lounge, and when his seat section was called, he gave 80 bin at Kern quick kisses and pushed in front of an old lady and distant do not the plane. As the plane lifted into the sky, heading for California and Disneyland, Karen said, "he's so happy. Do you think he'll be all right by himself?"

"He's very mature," Fred said. "He has his hotel arrangements, plenty of money, a snack in his lunchbox and lots of common sense. He'll be all right."

At the end of the week, when it was time for Bob to return, Fred and Karen were not available to pick him up at the airport. They made arrangements with their next door neighbor, Sally, to do the lob for them. When they sort home, they could hear Bob playing

the stereo in the study, and they went down to see him.

The music was loud and heavy metal and Bob had never
listened to this arout of thing before. The room smelled of smoke, and
not eigerettes. Bob was lying on the floor reading, and at first, Fred
and Karen thought it was the Disney Brochares, but then they saw
those wadded us in the tracken to the door.

Bob was looking at a girlie magazine and a reefer was hanging out of his mouth. Fred looked at Karen and Karen was clearly shaken.

"Bob?" Fred said.

"Yeah," Bob said without looking up from the foldout, and his tone was surly.

"Did you enjoy Disneyland?"

Bob carefully took the reefer out of his mouth and thumped ash on the carpet. There was the faintest impression of tears in his eyes. He stood up and tossed the reefer down and ground it into the

carpet with his foot.
"Did...did you see Mickey Mouse?" Karen asked.
"Shit." Bob said, "there sen't any goddam mouse. It's just
some guy in a suit. The same with the duck." And with that, Bob
saided into the histhroom and sleamed the doce and they couldn't

Toe Lansdale lives in a small town in Texas with an unpronouncable name. He is the rectipient of the Bram Stocker Award for Best Short Story, and a World Fantasy Award nominee for his short story "The Night They Mixed the Horror Show." Joe lives with his

wife and his dinosaur, Bob.



get him out of there for the rest of the day.



In a decade where nothing succeeds like excess, what better time to introduce a series of bubblegum cards whose logo on card number one is an image of a dinosaur, its teeth and claws gripping the earth, while blood flows over the world and particularly across the United States.

Issued by Topps several months ago (the same company who brought you a dozen different sets of The Garbage Pail Kids cards), the series was written and created by Gary Gerani (author of the hook FANTAS-TILEUVISION and co-author of the movie PUMPKINHEAD).

"Basically, the series is an bomage to everything I ever loved in science fiction pop culture when I was a kid. Movies like Ray Harrybanusen's effonts and the early Japances stuff were among my favorites, and the posters for these pictures seemed to speak directly to us pretens. Ohriously MARS AT-TACKS was the single most important influence. It amazed me how powerful those night most important influence. It amazed me how powerful those night most limportant influence. The study of the with me year after year. How pervenely satisfying to do the same thing for an entirely new generation!

For those not up on their 1960's non-sports bubble gum cards, MARS ATTACKS is a series of cards which is highly prized today but which did not sell well when issued in the early Skitles. It featured fine paintings by Norman Saunders of the Earth being

invaded by grotesque Martians who visit violence upon us hapless Earthlines. The series climaxed with Earth launching a counter-attack on Mars. Today they are the most collected non-sports cards issued in the last fifty years and have spawned many articles, homages and even a 36 card imitation series produced in 1986 called URANUS STRIKES, which was produced with more enthusiasm than artistry. MARS ATTACKS was even reissued by an amateur publisher, but the cards were poorly reproduced by someone who knew nothing about the intricacies of reprinting that type of color when

reshooting from a printed surface.

But what DINOSAURS ATTACK! brings to it which has more

of a modern sensibility is a sense of satte, as well as stepping up the vio-lence quotient quite a hit. While MARS ATTACKS had only about ten cards which featured blood and gore to any extent, DINOSAURS ATTACK! features at least two dozen cards which push the maybeen to explicit limits far beyood that exercised in the early Strites by MARS ATTACKS. There are sorned people being ton in half (card

this was more than an accident as a sinister being was behind these events, manipulating things in order to bring about the destruction of our world.

The artwork for these cards are paintings done by John Pound, James Warhola, and Earl Norem, although the wast majority of them (42 of 55) were painted by underground artist Chet Damsstäedler, known in the field by the pseudonym XNO.

covers for such underground comics as D.R. WIRTHAM'S COMIX & STORIES and WEIRDO. When Damstander first starned doing the paintings, be tried to paint them realistically to the point of having the spilled hired flood flook realistic as well, but Topps wanted the hired painted a brighter shade of red to make it show up better in the paintings. The original paintings for the cards are only 5° x.7°, although the arist could





#15. THE COLONIEL . SHRED-DED() as well as the bloody remains of a man who was stepped on by a dinosaur (card #31: OUR FORCES -FLATTENED). The best cards, though, are not the particularly gory and greeteque het those which present a wild situation, such as a surfer on his hoof halanced precariously atop a dinosaur (card #23: THE PERFECT WAS 15.

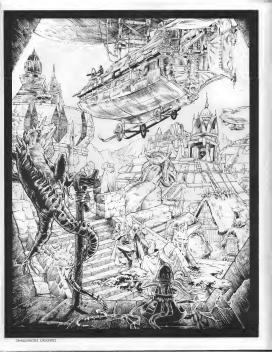
DINOSAURS ATTACK is a crazed celebration of all our favorite scenes in the moniter movies we loved as tick. It is as though the original KING SONO didn't have only three or four censored scenes of explicit vicience, but dozens, and all of them just a hit deranged. The story involves at inne travel experiment which goes away causing hundreds of discousants to be transported into the world of modern day Earth. The scenes on the curds were all conceived by Genai from his script and done in storyhoard form. These were then redrawn and tightened up by such pencil arists as Herb Trimps, George Evena and John Nemer. The paintent then used these drawings as the hasts for their pinintings. A series of eleven stickers were also released as put of the series although the artwork of those is hy Paul Marvides and Hal Robbins.

and Hal Robbins.

Some of the people who appear
in the paintings are based on polaroids which Damistaedter was provided by Gerani to work into the art
as inside jokes. Pans were quick to
pick up on this in card #36: COMICS
CON CATASTROPHE!

"Jay Lynch recommended me to Topps," Darmstaedter explained, "after he saw some of my work over at Glenn Bray's house in California." Darmstaedter had previously dose have worked larger had be wanted to.
"It's just that the work that had
already been done was just twice the
size of the cards, so I just went ahead
and did the rest of them that size as
well."

Although the sales of DINO-SAURS ATTACK! has not been all that Topps hoped for, Warner Brothers has expressed some interest in possibly optioning the series for a film and Eclipse Comics has anounced a graphic novel hased on the series which would feature the sequel story already written by Gerani for the unproduced second set of DINOSALIRS ATTACK! cards Artwork would be hy Chet Darmstaedter and each panel would be a painting in the same style as the cards. Darmstaedter had already done a few paintings for the second series before Topps cancelled plans to complete it themselves.





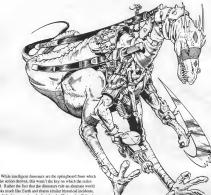
he said he liked the idea. Since then it was just a matter of Mark clearing his table, finishing ALIENS and some other work. He just told us that he should be able to start on it in September, although I don't think it will start appearing much before later in 1990." Randy and Jean-Marc have already plotted out all four

issues of the series and broken down the story to give Mark Nelson a lot of room to work in large panels and otherwise open up the story for the artist to include himself creatively as much as possible. The story opens in 1913. Earth stands poised on the brink

of the first World War when dinosaurs suddenly emerge from a dimensional gateway, bent on wrecking havoc and conquering our world. In 1914, which is when most of the action takes place, the Saurian Wars have already been poing on for a year. United against the dinosaur invaders is a group whose spearlead is composed of Cantain Methusulah Stone (an American flying ace), Poincare (a Prench mathematician and one of Earth's foremost scientists) and the

beautiful and mysterious Mata-Hari, whose lovalties are at first very much at question. "You may recognize a formula which we've used for storytelling purposes, which is the Flash Gordon formula of Hero, Girl & Scientist, which is not an inappropriate approach for a story which takes place in 1914. That is a deliberate attempt to use an archetype," Jean-Marc explains. "We are also using the factor of Reilly. Ace of Spies in the background, which is the only other aspect which doesn't derive from the parallel universe theme."

MIDNIGHT OF APETUAS



much of the action derives, this wasn't the key on which the series was based. Rather the fact that the dinosaurs rule an alternate world which looks much like Earth and shares similar historical incidents, except for little things, such as the fact that the Christopher Columbus of the alternate Earth was an intelligent dinosaur. "T've always been interested in parallel worlds," Jean-Marc

explained. "That's something that I really like. I miss the old Earth-Two from D.C. comics and I've had a lot of discussions with Mary Wolfman about this. I love parallel universes, but they have to be a lot more different than just simple things like President Kennedy wasn't killed in that one

"I came up with this series about intelligent dinosaurs before I read the Harry Harrison WEST OF EDEN series, because that's the only thing I've seen which came close to what we have in mind, but his dinosaurs are really very alien. Ours are a lot more anthropormorphic, but I don't try to make them too human. For practical story purposes the society in that alternate world is divided into two main areas. One is equivalent to Victorian England and the other occurries most of what would be the Soviet Union and Axia. So it is a lot more anthropormorphic than Harry Harrison's story.

"Michael Moorcock has done something similar to my approach to an alternate world in his books WARLORD OF THE AIR and THE LAND LEVIATHAN. Nobody has done a British Victorian empire better than Michael Moorcock, so I would probably have to plead guilty to some kind of influence from there.

The premise for EMPIRE OF THE DINOSAURS, with intelligent dinosaurs, was a lot more original when we came up with it in 1986 than it will appear to be when it comes out in 1990. Now there is DINOSAURS FOR HIRE and other books which have used the idea recently." But based on the plot outline of the 4-issue series. EMPIRE OF THE DINOS AURS holds the promise of being an exciting adventure with some of the most lush Mark Nelson artwork vet seen, if the accompanying visuals are any indication of things to come.

# IRT

British artist Shayne O'Dwyer is a rising star in Great Britain, a mad blend of Ralph Steadman and urban expressionism. Coming soon is Shayne's first sequential effort, a 46-page comic called Overload, scripted by Paul Duncan. Look for Shayne's work in upcoming issues of Arcane's Fly In My Eye and Taboo II.

The following pages from *Overload*, are just a taste of the disturbing O'Dwyer wit and style, courtesy of the artist.



































# HORROR CLICHES FROM HELL

ould you be reading this right?
A comprehensive itemization

all the otherbrate that handlesp and trivialize horror are we know it body. Our field teems of specialists have spent hours hanging around supermarket preperback racks and toltering by the mail shelves labeled HORROR. Their conclusions? While where is a bunch of good, scary shaft out there, the avalenche of awth stuff that balence is it semshow even where the semshow when the semshow when Werning Signs, these storm which become for shught prover fiction? The

hints end clues that you should use the paperback as a doorstop, pronto.

1. ELDRITCH GODS /OLD ONES
That is, encient, unspeakable, corrupt.

all-powerful, blasphemous, ultra-ickey nether delty types whose very form overlooks the feet that rea/ Old Ones would most likely be threadbare, sentle, desiccated, feeble, doddering colestomy beg types. Same goes for ancient curses. Phew!

 SINISTER CHILDREN
 With malignant grins, wanton weys and really bad cover art.

 EVEN MORE SINISTER NEW ENGLAND TOWNS
 Usually boasting one or more possessed and/or sinister children.

BIBLICAL EVIL
 Handily banished by religious rites or icons. Pshawl Join the 20th Century,

5. PROTAGONIST ENCOUN-

dudes

TERS THE SUPERNATURAL, REAL-IZES IT AT LAST....AND DIES The Number One Pilot of the Femous Horror Writers School. Enrollment is limited! Send check or money order today!

6. EARMARKS OF (WOOOOO) EVIL Such as clover footprints, bist wings, still pupils, reptilian features, an "equilian rose," o cadaverous pallor, or an excito name that means something nasty and ominous in a foreign language.

7. LUNATIC RAPIST KILLERS WHO WERE ABUSED AS KIDS BY TYRANNICAL, DOMINERING MOMMIES, AND WHO WOULD HAVE BEEN JUST FINE IF THOSE MOMMIES DIDN'T RATE FLASH-BACK CHAPTERS

CONFLAGRATIONS OF CONVENIENCE
 Sort of like Drano for monsters.
 Same goes for STUPID INCANTATIONS.

ENQUIRER HORROR
 Or: UFO Pollergeists Raped My
 Headless Elvis Triplets From Beyond
 the Grave. We wanna know.

10. STORIES OR BOOKS THAT END JUST AS SOMEBODY STARTS TO SCREAM, BLEED, BLACK OUT OR GET EATEN

HONORABLE MENTION: Gerund titles, e.g., The Gnoshing,

And while we're et it, how about a Top Ten of dialogue cliches from science fiction and horror films?
Stop us if you haven't heard these two times too often.

1. "It's quiet. Too quiet."

"That's crazy...But it just might work!"

3. "What the --?" or "Holy --!"

"Everybody knows there are no such things as vampires!" (substitute: werewolves, zombies, ghosts affers tulnes owns virgins.

ghosts, aliens, tulpas, ogres, virgins, unbiased editors or original monster story plots.)

"We can't stop now for a lot of silly native superstitions."

Now, let's not lose our heads over this."

"it's probably nothing, but we'll check it out enyway."

"That sort of thing never used to heppen eround these perts."

 "But you've got to believe me!" or: "I know it sounds insane.

but \*

10. "That...thing has got to be my baby!"

Immediately atop reeding any horror novel that commences with e stroit prologue set in a previous century, then flashes forward to the errival in town of the New Family. You can bet that effer construine of waiting something is ready for feeding time. It's probably pretty blasphamous. And the horror was only beginning. AVOID LIKE AIDS any story in which any character

"Noooooooooooooooo," Especially if this utterence is rendered ALL CAPS. Or any other word with the wrong letter stretched, as: "Bbutt Bbbbbbbbillileee!"

Lines We'd like to hear, just once: "Gee Stacey, it looks like the power is out up at the Krolock mansion. Le's all split up and die stupidly."

#### AFTER Haurs

The new magazine of dark fantasy and horror. It's the only publication devoted exclusively to stories that come out after dark! Here's what people are saying:

Mort Castle

2 years (8 issues)

Chris Lacher New Blood Gary A. Braunbeck Eldritch Tales -It's an impressive debut -- showing a lot of thought and a lot of ambition. -A distinct and impressive debut. When the sun goes

savs.

down, After Hours shines bright!
-The second issue not only equaled but surpassed the quality of the first. Congratulations!

Copies of the premiere issue are still available, featuring an interview with Robert R. McCammon, best-selling author of Swan Song. New stories by J.N. Williamson/John Maclay, Bobby G. Warner, Ronald Kelly, Anke Kriske, et al. Plus a classic from Tanith Lee.

After Hours #2: An interview with Janet Fox (plus a bibliography). Fiction by Ronald Kelly, John B. Rosenman, Wayne Allen Sallee, and Steve Vernon. Cover by Alan Jude Summa. After Hours #3: An interview with New Blood's Chris Lacher. An unpublished vignette from early in J.N. Williamson's career, Steve Rasnic Tem's new story, 'Black'; Del Stone Ir. takes you on a spine-tingline' "Dichwalk': and Kiel Stuart finds adventure in the New York art scene.

\$26

After Hours, 21541 Oakbrook, Mission Viejo, CA 92692-3044

# BIOOD SISTERS

O VAMPIRES REALLY EXIST? IF THESE DARK, SENSUOUS **BLOOD GLUTTONS** COULD DROP IN FROM BEYOND TO SHARF THE SECRET OF ETERNAL LIFE, THEY'D OWE A LARGE CHUNK OF IT TO THEIR FEMALE CREATORS, WHO HAVE GIVEN THEM MORE FREEDOM TO MINGLE WITH MORTALS THAN **FVFR BEFORE.** 

BY KITTY PERDONE





omen who write about vamprires today have deemed vamprires today have deemed them too hip to shrink from crucifixes, vain enough to reflect themselves in mirrors, and cussed with a craving to sack more than just blood. The Bargeoning vangasant of succibit past with enough passions to make old Count Dracula feel his new.

Lately, the difference between man. woman and monster has ebbed with each new wave of horror fiction. On the front fine, authors Anne Rice, Chelsea Oninn Yarbro, Tanith Lee, and Suzy McKee Chamas, have instilled an array of human qualities in vampires which make them seem as real as fear itself. In Blood is Not Enough, the most recent and only anthology in which vampiric behavior transpends traditional supernatural boundaries. Omn's fiction editor. Ellen Datlow, showcase the haunting, erotic world of vampirism with a collection of stories based on the draining of energy and will. The modem incubi in these tales include emotionally disturbed people who demonstrate symptoms of clinical vampirism, manipulative telepaths, lifesucking aliens and an actress who saps people's emotions, (see review this ish,

ed.) Wielding a huge variation of styles, all five women have developed 'vampire make-overs' which paint vivid metaphors for the human condition that range from encotional deviance to unbridled lust.

LOVE AND THE OUTCAST

A nne Rice, creator of Interview With the Vampire, The Vampire Lessat and most recently. The Queen of the Dammed, began writing her famous classic vampire chronicles from a whim.

"They're perfect metaphors for outsiders like gays, misfits and criminals, who are inside of society but locked out of it." She remarks somewhat hesitantly just after returning to her New Orleans home from a national book tour for The Ouern of the Dawned.

Critics have continually mirunderstood Rice's themes of sex, death, power, and the search for identity which dominate her novels. This year, People magazine parand The Queen of the Danned, summing up Rice's richly detailed stooy of Akasha, mother of all vampires, as a "book without substance."

One wonders if Rice's insightful

exploration of human relationships mirrored in the laws of her vampires are simply too earry for flippant audiences to own up to. Much of the intrigue of Interview with the Vampire and The Vampire Lexis artitudes to the delightful and shocking interplay of a "real" journalsh documenting the confusions of Losis the vampier, followed the control of the c

risson manifests itself in the aura of The

Vannire Lextot

Rice's contributions to the architecture of varying mythou also extends is used to the role of the female. By certaining "those who must be keep", the mother and fulther from which all vampines originate, Rice reveals the faintise tensousness or of mother/nero relationships. This occurs whose Least tunes this drying mother is only a straight of the contribution of the contribution, and again in The Operes of the Dumon's when Author the contribution is not been forest. The proves of Rice's reviews when the contribution is not been forest. The proves of Rice's reviews weaponer and with as an industribute near whether the training of the contribution of the con

"Vampires capture the essence of being alienated." Rice adds. "Because after all, they will always be the aliens in a world they have to depend on for survival."

Sury McKee Chamas' faocinating vampite protagonist, doctor Böward Weyland of The Yungive Tapeary must also cope with his desperate need to blend in with harmas society while still having to kill people for the sheer sake of getting a doctor meal. Chamas, untike her contemporaties, has created only one vampire, who happens to be make.

Observing Weyland, her 2,000 yearold alien blood unker manaprending as a distinguished college professor who penys on his students and associates. Charmas comments. 'A make is the only kind of person in this society who can have a predistory yide and be admirted for it. There is a correspondence betreete the vampies style and the successful, older male style, which is why I use Weyland's covere."

Vampirus of this nature reflect a host of mestal deventiones which smulgeamst fiction with fact; blurring the definition of supernatural mounts and social psychopath. In a recent issue of the British Journal of Psychiatry, Herschel Prima comments on devisua individuals who make people and ingest deviduals who make people and ingest deviduals who make people and ingest appears to cocur in individuals functioning at a very primitive mental and emotical level. which may well explain the connection between clinical veraptim and schulcheruis.





Externally, Chamas' Weyland is the mid-mannered, attractive intelligent the merican citizen. At the core, he is an animal composed of simple brutality. His superimposed, complex intellectuality is revealed when his female thrapist discovers that all the crosses, holy water and smilight in the cosmos cannot destroy this macho predutor.

"During house he had been an his destruction."

"Parties becomes his destruction,"
"Parties becomes his destruction,"
Chames irmarks. "In order to survive his 'g pt to stay cold. But comes where
inside him is a weed of heat. When his relationships with mortals fan that seel
into a flame, he can't tieve with the
warmth because it will connect him too
much to the propels he has to kill." It's
Stoker's Duraula was the embodiment
of a perverse, secual evil, Chamana'
Weyland acts it out as fif in were a normal
and logical condition.

WHY PICK ON VAMPIRES?

ii) no of the books I really adored as a bid kid was Drawius, shough as the time I didn't realize how bodly-written it was." Charmas, who is an ex-New Yorker now living im Albuquereque, muses on the afternoon of her bithday. "I wanted to write a varangire story after I saw the Drawies revival on Broadway, and am Off-Broadway show called The Passion of Drawius."

"Both plays were charming and delightful, but I felt they were missing the point. I wanted to take a crack at

BRM STOKER.

DEGUM

figuring out what these stories were missing." Charmas' face lights up like a kid who jast won a game of hid-easd-sock. "The productory nature of the vampies was missing in Dracula, so I wrote The Vampier Tapestry treating this creature as a produtory animal, not a remaining the construction of the constr

considera gates, deim Yarbor, America's Chem Cheles of Intaccia levera power is celebrating another year of mortal life with Chemas at a Mexican restaurant nase her home in Berkeley. California. Yarbor, who became fast friends with Chemas when they met on a midsight vanging pont at a herory writer's convention, shares equal enthusiant for blood undere, but portray them in a very different style and context. An westerious inlimere duose in her

intense, green eyes.

"I get a temendous kick out of vanpiere." the quipe. Concenning Olivia Cemens and Count Saint Germain, the solutive varapiere who are the hexpes of the out of Yatro's forty published novels, the comments, "My vampiers are just regular people who just happen to be vampiere. Part of this concept resonates to what Suny deals with, but crosses out with a different solvhain. They are different to whom. They are the control of the control of the control of the form. They have their certion."

Yarbro had just completed Candles for D'artagnan, out last summer from Tor Books, which is the third book of the





Olivia series which includes a Filame in Spinnatium and Crusader a Force. In this series, Olivia draws blood and nourish with the series, Olivia draws blood and nourish with men, relationships which are constantly men, relationships which are constantly society in which the exists. Olivia survives through the sieges of war, the fall of empires and rampast disease while the series of series of the series of series of the series of series serie

"I call my books historical novels because to me, it's the history that's homifying, not the vampires," Yarbro

adds. On the other ride of the Atlantic, Englased \* Twaith Lee, author of forty susmorted funsay, becrow and science fiction movels, is currently working on \*The Blood of Rever, a dark take of religious varapiers, due to be pubblished by Arrow Books next year. Lee, who also next Surry McKee Chamas and Chelesa in the summer of the summer of the property of the summer and the property of the summer say, has created a cross-gener of intriguing vampires who percy on allen society.

Sabella, her first tale of the only female vampire living in a future society on Mars, was directly inspired by Stoker's Dracula.

"Sabella is a result of an awful lot of thoughts I've had about vampires since I read Dracula when I was twelve," Lee read Dracula when I was twelve," Lee recalls, as the tips white wine in Cafe Pelican, one of her favorite London hunts. "Tremember taking the book out of the library feeling as if I had something very tillicit and dark. The roots assect of the book was so strong, I marveled at the fact that it got past the censors." Lee smiles inflectively. "Sahella

came into my head while I was stuck in the middle of a science fiction book I resisted for three days, but she was so insistent. It was literally like having someone standing over your shoulder tugging at your arm."

Although Sabella, who comes from a Quasi-Catholic culture on Mars, is Lee's most indoctrinated, guilt ridden, succubus, she is a perpectual magnet for attractive mon who eventually succumb to her allure and get to have intercourse with the before she kills them of the property of propert

Chelsea Quinn Yachro

"Sabella came from the process of being very interested in male vampires and seeing the woman as the swooning, white victim being carried off by the tall, dark man." Lee observes. "she is the classic reversal, the dark woman who's men become swooning victims."

#### LUST VERSUS LAW

Within the amesument of Tanith Lee's work, which also includes several collections of short stories, teleplays and radio plays, the portrays many different stopes of vampire incarnations from a mabile girl in "Red as Blood," the biting evision of Snow White in Greenberg and Waugh's anthology, Vamps, to her latest let, The Langth Tree, tentured in Blen

Datlow's Blood is not Enough, about a tree that drains people's energy. Though Loe abandons most of ancient folklore's traditional vampirical mythos, a great many of her vampire stories, along with Anne Rice's, are rife with religious undercurrents.

"The doctrine that Christ died and rose again, with people drinking his blood to commemorate him, is a very interesting symbol for a vampire. Religion doesn't have to be the compulsion, but frequently is "notes! Let

Though Quinn Yarbro's vampires cavort throughout the height of religious empires, from the Florentine Renaissance in The Palace to eighteenth century Paris in Hotel Transylvania, they are too sophisticated and worldly to bother with the church.

"Until recently, part of the vampire myth was that it wasn't always easy to be sure someone was dead," comments
Yarbro. "All the devices used to make certain that people are dead, noch as the wake, the headstone, and tied-up corpses at neofishic bural slights doe't really apply anymore. A lot of this image of the vampire as something that ought to be dead warn't as much of a fistion as it is now."

The earliest vampire stories written by John Polidori, (The Vampyre), and Bram Stoker have done much to inspire the alliance between religion and sexuality, to the evil, sensual side of the soul. Stephen King notes in Danse



Macabre, "In matters of sex, a highly moralistic society can find a psychologi cal escape valve in the concept of outside evil...which Stoker's Dracula humanizes."

Ellen Datlow, who's fascination was coarked into eatherine stories for Blood is not Enough by Frank Langella's provocative Broadway performance in Dracula. agrees that a great deal of vampire allure

is seduction and power. "I'm fascinated with relationships," says Datlow. "And vampirism is just another aspect of weird relationships. People who saduce others and drain their energy are around us everyday. Broadening and updating this concept creates more possibilities for the vampire."

Rice, Charnes, Yarbro and Lee along with the many prominent writers who contributed to Blood is not Enough have created some vivid analogies that seem to transcend the fascinating boundaries between evil and illness, myth and reality. These stories perpetually ask the question: Do vampires co-exist with humanity? Reading any of these authors books will keep you wondering.



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# RAISING THE DEAD WITH DAN

#### A BACKWARD LOOK AT THE NORLISS TAPES

Right now producer/director Dan Curtis' is the undisputed king of big-budget television. Having devoted most of the last deceds to a full-sade circumstaic replay of World Wast II, being Herman Wook's monumental novels, The Winds of Was and Was and Remembrance, to the TV sercen at a cost of well over \$100 million, Dan is the current talk of the town.

However, 17 years ago, when I first met him in June of 1972, he was just beginning to roll in Hollywood, hitting big with his Vampire-In Vegas Movie of the Week, "The Night Stalker," and its sequel, "The Night Strangler" (both scripted by Richard Matheson). Until the early 1970s, Curtis had been a New York more

and his one major credit before setting up shop in California was the bizzere daytime soaper, "Dark Shadows," also starring a vampire (Jonsthan Frid). In her memoir, My Scranbook Memories of Dark Shadows.

in her memoir, my scrapbook memories of Dark Smados
Kathryn Leigh Scott writes of the series' genesis:

It was a dream [Dan] had. He was at an old country house, which
was haunted by the ghost of a young woman...

Curtis told the dream to his wi e who encouraged him to develop it into a project for television. Dan sold the idea to ABC—and produced and directed if for nearly five years, following it up with two sequel films, House of Dark Shadows (1970) and Night of

Dark Shadows (filmed in 1971).

These provided him with the necessary clous to establish his own Dan Curris Productions in California early in 1972. He immediately purchased a massive house along Coldwater Cenyon Drive — which he later claimed was hunted. (Yes, hunted by the chost of a young woman! But! I'll est to that later in this piece...)

Dan had just settled into his new offices on the Twentieth Century Fox lot when I went to talk to him early that summer. It had been my old pai Matheson's idea. "You should go see this guy." Dick told me. "He's a dynamo. Believe me, he's gomna build an empire out here."

When we met, my initial impression was of intensity. Dan Curtis radiated intensity. After we'd shaken hands, and I'd seated royself on the couch opposite his desk, Dan fixed his dark eyes on me....

Years later, for a Curtis profile, I would write:

A compactly-built, curfy-haired, fierce-eyed man with a toothy wolf's smile, Curtis achieves high drunts during each working day. He thrives on crisis, and much of what he says is delivered in a shout. He ballows over a phone, yells down the hall to his ever-patient socretary, shouts at his camera crew. Working with Curtis is ulcer-producing, but never dull.

#### BY WILLIAM F. NOLAN



ANGIE DICKENSON AND ROY THINNES BATTLE A WIND MACHINE IN THIS STILL FROM THE NORLISS TAPES.

Now, at our first meeting, Dan was raking me with his eyes, probing — as I later discovered — for we aknoss. He liked working with strong people. And considering the pressures they were subjected to, his people had to be strong.

He acknot about mo veredits: and we talked for a few

minutes. Edged, wary talk. Then, abruptly, he snapped: "You want to go to work for me?"

"In what capacity?"
"As part of my production team?"

"No," I said.

He looked startled, then smiled tightly: "What do you want?"

"I want to write scripts for you."
A silence. Then: "We'll see."

The meeting was over — and I figured I'd never hear from him sgain.

A month later a package arrived in the mail. An outline, written by Fred Mustard Stewart, for a shock thriller. From Dan. I read it and phoned him at Fox.

"What do you think?" he asked.
"This isn't much good."

"Tell me something I don't know," Dan growled. (Curtis loves to growl.) "Can you do anything with it?"

"First thing I'd do is throw away this outline and start over."

Dan agreed. "Do me a treatment," he said. "I'll call your agent and set up the deal."

By mid-August I had turned in a 40-page plot treatment.

We talked it through, page by page, and Dan okayed it. As a Curtis/

Metromedia Production.
"Write the script," he told me.

Completed in three weeks, my 80-page teleplay was approved for production that October by Curris and NBC. We were off and running on "The Norisss Tapes."

My hero, David Norliss (played by Roy Thunnes), was an

My hero, David Noriss (played by Roy Itamies), was an occult investigator called in to see Ellen Cort (Angie Dickinson), who

tells him she's afraid of her husband. What's to be afraid of? Well, for one thing, the guy's been dead for three months.

Norlies is thus drawn into a complex situation involving a nasty demon I numed Sargoth, an Egyptian scarab ring with the power of immortality, and a wild-eyed deadman who just won't stay pat in his crypt. Silly stuff, to be sure, but with the potential of convoluting some up-the-spine-fulls for a minimum talevision

audience. Also, beyond giving me my first Movie of the Week writing credit, this was to be the pilot show for a projected series of occoll adventures, with Dave Noritist recording his exploits on tape each work as the chartest demons and devils across the TV serences.

And the pay was good.

We desided so use bad weather as a mond device in the production; it would adways be raising, by day and by right, (Which meant a half dozen crew members standing as the adelines of every voidotor seens with gualthip botes raised high.) Dan also decided on taking the cast and crew to San Francisco, Carmel, Sausalto and along the Montevey Peninsula for locations sequences, and these proved quite effective. However, most of the script was shot in the Lox Angeles acre.

While Dan headed for Monterey in early November, I boled up in Taos, New Mexico, to script a three-hour version, for Dan, of the classic Henry James ghost story, "The Turn of the Screw." It was set for a two-night presentation, from Curtis Productions, for ABC's Wide, Wed World of Entertainment.

I spent most of November on a 130-page draft, returning in time to join the "Norliss" crew for location shooting in Hollywood. The site was a rambling, two-story Gothic mansion in the hills overlooking the Sunses Struc.

When I arrived for the day's shoot, the camerman was being positioned so just sat down next to a white-baired old gentlemsn who told be he had just bought the house and would be moving after we'd finished shooting there.

"Guess a place like this is worth something," I said.

MIDNIGHT GRAFFITI-S3

"Well, they wanted a million five, but got 'em down to just a million." said the old man.

I blinked. Who was this old guy? Back in 1972 you could buy almost any luxury mansion in Beverly Hills for well under a million.

million.

Tums out he's Nosh Dietrich, the retired financial wizard responsible for building the Hoard Hughes fortune. "Just a million," was, for old Nosh, no more than pocket change.

When Dan's on the see he dresses in a style I think of as "Early Brands": black leather jacket, scuffed boots, cord pants. Astrogocially, he's a Leo — and rules his world. He's always pushing, and his production erows don't appreciate this. Once, when we were on a shoot in Scaramento. I was sitting in the cab of an onen-had truck with the driver. Do was riding in the back.

"He coul fall right into the road," I remarked.

"Yeah. Well, if he did, I'd lay odds against anybody on the
crew stopping to pickep him up, said the driver.

That this kind of thins doesn't bother Dan. "I'm not out to

win popularity contests," he told me once. "I'm out to get a job done. That's all that counts."

Our next "Norliss" site, in early December, was the old Selzznick studio in Culver (Sip where a let of Gone With the Wind had been filmed. I had written a sequence in which Sergoth is trapped by our hero in a blood circle of roaring flame. Dan was having trouble with his "stunt burn" — wherein the "demon" (a trunt man in a flame-resistant bodysulf) is set flies by Norliss in an artist's studio.

"He doesn't look like a frigging demon," Dan furned. "He looks like a frigging stuntman in a suit!"

More smoke from the fogger (to obscure details of the demon figure) solved the problem, and Dan got the scene wrapped. We moved outdoors for a night sequence.

Scene: Norities sets Sargoth aftire inside the studio. He grabs Ellen's hazd and they rush from the place as the studio begins to burn behind them, pussing on the porch to peer back inside to be sure the demon is destroyed. (The "pause" was not in my script; it was Dun's ident

Dan rehearsed the some with Angie and Roy as the crew prepared to torch the "studio"—which was actually just a standing wooden false-front, with an attached porch. At the last minute Dan decided to have she two of them exit and not look back as the studio begins to burn.

Angie and Roy are alive today because of this change. A mistake was made by the tech erew; they applied far too much ignitible rubber coment to the walls and when the camera rolled the entire false front literally exploded into a tower of flame just as Roy and Angie cleared the docuvey. Had they stopped on the proch to look back they would have instantly been engulfed in the inferno.

Dan was white-faced at this near-disaster. "No more lossy fire scenes!" he vowed. He swung around and pointed at me. "Nolan, don't ever write another damn fire scene into a script of mine!"

We shot more night stuff at a cometary crypt. Inside the crypt, as Ellen gropes her way forward in the darkness, the is not aware that the body of her murdered sister has been brought here. Suddenly Ellen's probing hand touches the dead flesh of her sister's face, and she screams. Angle's shrick was real and jolting and this scene is still, to my mind, one of genuine terror. In the next sequence Ellen's husband rises from his coffin and madly pursues her as the runs for her car. She makes it to the vehicle, locks hereoff mistle, and fumbles with the key, typing to start the engine. The deadman reaches the car— and pulls the entire door off. They were going to use a Chevy for this, but I mistade on a Mercedea, "When this dead guy pulls off the door of a Mercedea," It to the companies of the companies of the companies of the companies of the 100 Dam. "Them we know how stress the's gottate. It. It is that the

same with a Chevy."

Dan agreed — and I got my Mercedes.

The holidays intervened, but by early January of 1973 Dan had wrapped production and was into the editing process. With his rough cut completed in early February, he asked if I'd like to sit in on the "mixina" seasion. Of course I would.

He gave me the address of a sound studio in Hollywood. When I got there Dan was processing screams, working with the

sound man to select just the right scream, in tone, intensity, and length, for each scene that required one. All this as the silent footage unreceled on a screen in front of us.

"Rall it back and lav in the third scream." Dan ordered.

"That last one sounded like a dying chicken!"

As a truly blood-curdling scream was played over the loudspeaker Dan smiled his wolf's smile. "That's the one," he said. "I not it in "

Next came gunshots. Some were too hollow, others sounded too much like popping firecrackers. Then we proceeded through times on gravel, failing bodies, shattering windows, flootseps on a stairway, and a demon's how! — a full spectrum of sounds to bring "Noritiss" to life.

It was a fun afternoon.

With his final answer print in hand, Dan arranged for an advance showing of "Notlies," inviting certain writers he wanted to work with on future episodes. We were all certain, at this point, that we did indeed have a network series.

Reaction to the film was enthusiastic. Moody and chilling. And the pace was fast, "Norliss" delivered.

After the showing Den invited us (the four selected writers) this home on Cold water Caryon. We all ast around his backyard pool discussing plot ideas. I remember that science fiction writer learny Sold was there, as was John Tomerlin (now an oditor with Rod A Track). Our main problem had to do with the demon, Sargoth. Dan wated him to survive what had appeared to be his flery doom to bus Norlisis in further existed.

Each of us piched ideas at Curis. Dan was in a blue towel robe, lying on his back in a reclining chair at the edge of the water, hands behind his bead, eyes closed. At each Sargoth suggestion he's open one eye and slowly shake his head. "No, no, no..." he'd say. "That's not good enough."

Finally I came up with an idea I called "The Return." Ole Surgoth would use his demonic powers to draw Norliss back into his own childhood. Notelies would literally be aboreded by his younger self and, as a child, would be vulnerable to Sargoth. Nutty idea, but Dan loved it. He opened both eyes. "Do me a treatment," he grunted.

And the poolside story conference was over.

While I was drafting "The Return" I got my hands on the
"Norliss" production notes, prepared for press release at the telecast
of the show later that month. To quote:

"The Norliss Tapes" is a horrifying film dealing with the darkest of all man's fears: the unknown. It dwells on demonology and lingers on life after death. It examines man's search throughout the centuries for his own immortality, a search unanswered in the minds of many but very definite to those few whose claims of communication between the two worlds cannot be proven or

disproved.

"When a woman suddenly confronts her dead husband,

truth.

seemingly alive in the middle of the night three months after his funeral, she turns to author David Netiss, famous for his investigations into the world of psychic phenomena and the supernatural (played by Roy Thinnes). Together they risk their lives to determine whether she suffered a hallocination—or is stelling the

"The pilot for a projected series, 'The Norliss Tapes' could return Thimnes to the millions of television fans he acquired through his previous series, 'The Invaders,' and the daytime drams, 'General Hospital.'

"On 'The Norliss Tapes' Dan Curtis worked closely with writer William F. Nolan, a prolific author whose name ranks high with afficianados of fantasy. The script for 'Norliss' was not hammered out, it was carefully wrough.

"Angie Dekimon, lovely blonde actives known for her vivasily and heavy, wa signed as Elien Cort, the widow who confronts her dead husband and fires a blast at him from a doublehearlief shapen. In a physically demanding part, Miss Dickimon endared orderla by fire and water with charming grace. A star of more thus a dozen montoop pictures, Angie is more selectives about accepting stalevision offers, but found the script too frightening to put down. She datt do of; she eclimen? Dan had not been satisfied with Angie's performance (though she was a "sweetheart" on the set and the crew loved her) and he claimed that he had to leave half her lines in the editing room. "She's over-rated," he growled. "I just hope to God the reviews don't crucity her!"

They didn't.

When the show was telecast, as an NBC "Wednesday
Mystery Movie," on Feb. 21, 1975, the worst Angle got was a light
knock from The Hollywood Reporter. The reviewer complained that
the role of Ellen Cort was "just a bit stiffty played by Angle

Dickinson." But he ended up calling the movie "a lot of fun."

Daily Variety liked Dan's work, commenting on his use of

"stormy weather and a nice sense of foreboding in building
atmospheres." Their sun-up was very positive: "Curis directed
with an eye to tension, and that he manuser. The idea behind

with an eye to tension, and that he manages. The idea behind Nolan's script has validity with its open dependency on the supernatural. Sacie thrust, to scene, is what counts, and ther Nolan, Cartis, Thinnes and company succeed."

Weekly Variety (the chowlist "Bible") found strong series.

potential in "Norliss." "Slickly produced, it qualifies as a definite prospect for the 1973/14 season. ... Murder, mayhem, and suspense were generated in good measure. The pilot works exceedingly well. With Curtis' track record, it seems likely that NBC will give it a long, hard look."

The network did just that, and on March 5 they okayed my treatment ("The Return") for script development as the second show of the series. The heady smell of success was in the air.

Then: disaster!

On March 6, 1975 (which also happened to be my
birthday), the Writers Guild of America West called a strike against





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the TV/film industry. All writing was frozen; I was not allowed to do any work whatever on "Norhiss."

Picket lines were mounted, signs brandlished: "More Pay TODAY!"..."We Write to Live!"..."Fair Pay is Fair Play!" The strike lissted more than three and a half months — into late June — with "Northss" growing colder by the day at NBC.

On the afternoon after the strike ended I got a call from Dan. His tone was dark. "The network dumped the series. It's all over."

Indeed, David Norlisis was dead. Demons and walking deadmen condair It lill him — but he writer's strike could, and did. Happily, my working relationship with Dan extended far beyond "Norlisis" While he was in London filming my Tarn of the Screw, I seripted most of "Virlay" of Terror" for him. And, much late, the Bette Davis thearsteal motion pricture, Burst Offgrings, Other Nolam Cartis Movies of the West included "Melvin Parvis, Orn." "The Kares (You Massers," "Shaushbet House" and "House

of Terror." (The last two were never produced.)
And, as a follow-up to "The Night Stalker" and "The Night
Stampler," I also wrove a third Kolchak Movin of the Wesk (with
Richard Mathenon) called "The Night Killers." It was approved for
production in Hawsii by the network, and I go set to go over for the
location shoot. A week before we were to leave Kolchak was sold as
weekly series (which did not involve Dan) and the project dind

Anyhow, I did a lot of writing for Curtis, often working over script drafts with him at his Coldwater house on weekends.

Which is when I found out the place was haunted. Dan told me about the strange things that were happening there. Library drawers had jumped from the wall to spin across the room. Household items shruptly disappeared, then just as shruptly appeared again in extremely odd places. Footsteps were heard in socially deserted marks of the house.

"Once I went to the door at the end of our downstairs hall,"

Curtis related. "I'd heard my wife walking the length of the hallway.

She had a walk I knew very well. But the sound of her high-heel steps stopped just as I opened to door to speak to her. I was stunned — because nobody was in that hall, and I could see clear to the other end. I later discovered that my wife had been out shopping that

afternoon, and that I'd been alose in the house."

On Halloween, Dan told me, long after the family had retired for the night, the downstairs phonograph suddenly began playing "borrible sounds" in the darkened living room.

"We heard crying and demented screams," Dan reported.
"But when we went down there everything was back to normal, and
the machine was silent. The point is, even if someone had turned on
the phonograph as a practical joke, there was no recording of any
such sounds. That record just dight exist."

The final frightening incident that prompted Dan to give up the house came after we'd gone our separate ways — me into other scripting and book jobs and Dan into the Wouk novels. I learned about this incident from Dick Matheson. . . .

Dan had purchased a Ouija board. He felt, very strongly, that someone needed to contact him. Indeed, the board 's marker jumped wildly of its own accord from letter to letter—spelling out the same message over and over: "I AM TRAPPED HERE. HELP MEI... I AM TRAPPED HERE, HELP MEI.

The board revealed that the spirit of a young girl was trapped in the house. Perhaps it had been her screams Dan had heaed that Halloween night.

It seemed that Dan's life had come full circle, in that his

it seemed that Dan's into has come rull circle, in that his original dream of being in a house hausted by the ghost of a young woman (the basis for Dark Shadows) had now taken on a horrible reality.

The hard-boiled director of "The Norliss Tapes" and more

than a dozen other classics of horror had himself been thoroughly spooked. He quickly sold the house on Coldwater.

I've often wondered what the new owners think of it.

Maybe someday I'll stop by and ask them.

Or maybe I won't.

THE BONE SONG



IT SINGS A LOW SONG

WHEN IT DROVE

DINOSAURIA

INTO BONE.

BY SCOTT E. GREEN







In this last part of Paul Sammon's interview, Ted Stargeon shares his thoughts about television and the inception of the infamous "Stargeon's Law." Paul's introduction picks up where we left off last issue.

In the summer of 1977, Surgeon and his Lady Jayne (Tannehill Surgeon, renarried since Surgeon's death), were living on the upper floor of a modest, two storey wodden frame house. This structure was located in a lower middle-class San Dlego neighborhood, and in 1978 in narrowly escaped total annihilation when PSA Flight 182 crashed only now blocks away (leveling most of that same neighborhood and canting a blody's works through the thory of great at disasters).

You reached Ted's apartment by an interior staircase. Once inside, the ceilings were low, the decor retro-hippy; silks, cushions, pallet bed. And Sturgeon liked unicorns. Figurines, paintings and drawings of the beasts were everywhere.

As for the way he wrote—the actual, physical process—this was unconventional. Sturgeon had an old Royal manual typewriter perched on a three-legged stool about eighteen inches off the carpet;

obviously, Ted pecked away on this mochine while sitting crosslegged on the floor.

We spent a lot of time up in that apartment, Ted and I. Our interviews were conducted informally,

with myself alipping in the pertinent questions as casually as possible, letting Sturgeon speak with his own voice. Luckity, Sturgeon genuinely enjoyed our talks. Over the next few years Ted lived as a semi-hermit, first moving from San Diego to Los Angeles, then

to the Pacific Northwest. As for myself, I entered the fish basiness. Studenty I was watering (little Enterwood belowing model helicopers of the beaches of Caudina Islanda (for Firstlews) or housing and with Arnold Schwarzenegger in Spain (for Conas II). Eight years passed while I hyped geere films for the major studies, and have with also mediago over no dozen documentaries while animal unboundary producing VI shows in Japan and writing-producing-inferencing my first feature film. A Sense Of Wander was relegated to the bod bearner (where it sills, unfortunated), tumners at a slow bold.

tiegated to the back burner (where it still, unfortunately, simmers at a slow boil).

Then, early in 1985, I unexpectedly ran into Jayne Sturgeon.

She told me Ted was dying. A respiratory ailment was literally sucking the moisture out of his lungs, turning them into the organic equivalent of drywall.

Theodore Sturgeon died a few weeks later, in May 1985.

But here he is again, the Ted of 1977-78. Sitting on the floor of his little apartment and moints jokes, the loved the fact that we were both namen after fish), still sucking on his ever-present pipe (the pipe that [hally killed him]. I flink you! I find things here you didn't know before, which was always my intent. Perhaps you! I go away with a memory of a reclusive yet open, gentle but moddening genius, a worldclass wifter who never scaled the commercial heir but.



ontinuing with the idea of privacy, how do you handle all this attention now? You have people like me who are exzentially strangers, who visit your life for awhile, then leave...

A number of things have happened. I was a recluse for many years. I over went near the various Star Trek and science fiction conventions, for instance on conventions filled me with a strange mixture of aniest and terror.

One thing was, you air up there with the hight lights on you and search you most, and a kind of ripple goest through the crowd. "He is Thordown Sturgeon, and he is picking his norm." You find our what here'y' re multy design is writing a script for you, and you're supposed to behave that way. You're not emproposed to violate their exply. And I don't like people to write a reject for mr. I want to behave the way! I want to behave the way! I want to behave the way! I want to be have the way I was to be have the way I want to be have the way I was to be have the way I want to be have the way I was to be have the way I want to be have the way I was the way I was to be have the way I was the way I want to be have the way I want to want to want to want to want to be have the way I want to wan

The is two comes from the feet that them's a grawt does of edimination and some that I be loweds in speeple by whall a write. And from that they construct a supposed by whall a write. And from that they construct a supposed by the suppose

No, no. It was one of those bette noirs that you have to chase down and kill.

You mention your personal problems you know, in that Bester collection I mentioned earlier, he also says something interesting about you in his Afterword. Let me see. He's talking about the success of The Demolished Man, and how it made him a science-fiction somebody "I was invited to gathering of the actions (factors lighted Clab, where I not the propels was critical south of Shipperon, I has Blish, Tony Boocker, Ite Animos, Avena Dordston, I was particularly annexed as Blish and layer on Bolt were any problem and annexed with the shape per Bolt were any problem and annexed with the shape per Bolt were any problem and excentionally in law for deletal, and that Total writing acceptation (ii). But an annexed were an extending the was the finest of an all. But he had a quality which amused and consequent and it. But Mer Sold and I go not redebine I deservised—Tony Quien in another—Tel Burd on critical I deservised—Tony Quien in another—Tel Burd on critical consequences and the consequences of the consequences of the con-

Well...(laughs) What can I say? As I mentioned before, I've had troubles with the IRS, for example. But now I have a beautiful wife. Jayne, who's straightened all these things out for me. She's taken things I've had years of trouble with and put them right in hours. She's just an amazingly beautiful woman. Yeah. I've met fans who say, "You know, I saw you at such-and-such convention a few years ago, and I was afraid to come up and talk to you." My advice to them is to walk straight up to your writer, bring your foot down hard on their metatarnal, and say, "I'm here. Hey." And they'll pay attention to you. There isn't any reason why you shouldn't do that. Just because you've published so many millions and millions of words doesn't mean that you're some kind of an oure, and that you're going to bite their heads off. It's unfortunate what a certain amount of fame does to

some, thaugh
Yes, and Γve talked to people it has done that to. It is
unfortunate.

You know, besides faring my fears, the other reason I come out of hislay was—well, a number of things had happened. Just for example, I was in Italy not long ago, and happened. Just for example, I was in Italy not long ago, and a woman came up to me dragging an interpreter. The interpreter said, "She doesn't speak any English at all, and the ungestly wants to tell you concultage. Fast of all, you're the only writer in any language the's ever encountered who can will be the said of the said of

"And, secondly, because of something you wrote, she did not kill herself one night." At which point the woman began to cry. Now, if you're going to have that much effect on people, you really have to re-orient yourself.

Another time, in New York, a gay came op to me at a convention and old me that conce he was at a party and three was a gift there sitting in a comer. He caught her looking untiry misreally, and loostly. Above all, loostly. Loostliness—you can always me that, everyone unterstands it. Now in one of my antiest three is not good, about five or six lines long, called, "To it do Lorelines One." It is in "A Similar to the content of the content

done, by the way. So he wrote it down on a piece of paper, walked across the room, and laid it on her lap. She read it and they got to talking, and, ultimately, they fell in love and got married. So then this fellow says to me. "I want you to meet my kid." And there was this five or six year old child.

So there's a woman in Italy and a kid in New York both walking this earth because of things that I wrote. I bad to pay attention to this. I find that what I do and what I say has affected people. Here's one more example.

I made a speech at a convention one time, the thrust of which was that we are containmined. The agreements is to only not a phenome, or an entertainment, it is a vital to the property of the property of the property of the property convergence of the property of the property of the property of very picked up somebody else's itime? You was a piece of the proper on the street, you picked it and not fit, and as there, and the property of the pro

Then we'll tell the others what it means. It means "Ask the next question." So I just pursued my talk that way. Ok. this approach is apparently very effective. Somebody told me that later on in the convection, about two in the morning, he was walking down the hotel corridors and there was a guy Iving there in some kind of distress. And the observer's feeling was, "Oh Jesus, why can't these people bold their liquor?" And then he stepped on past the guy and walked to the elevator. And then he stopped. Because he had remembered what I'd said about nicking up other people's litter. But eoing on from there, "Why don't you care about what other people do?" So he went back and looked at the guy and couldn't get any response out of him. He got a little panicky and started banging on the pearest door. Somebody came out, and he said, "Can I use your phone? There's a sick man out here." He called, got the

parametrics, the fellow had had a heart attack or whatnot, and they took him away. But he made that action because of my speech.

But ne made that action because of my speech.

Mmm. Tou know, we've been tabling at length about
your life and your written work. Would you mind if we
talked a little bit about film, which you've also had a hand

Here's one thing I want to say about the whole approach of a writer towards film. I've got to disagree with Harlin Ellison, who will write very ounce of every scene, every shot, every frame of the picture. Now he has taken his lumps and he has given his lumps too. He is a fighter and ro on, and he getts a lot of charge out of doing and being that. I

don't happen to get my jollies that way. But there is a picture we all have of a very sincere writer coming out to Hollywood and seeing his vision distorted. I get acked time and time again, "How do you feel about baving your work.

changed for the screen?"

company to the recent.

The provides a force, it is better than the provides and my typewrise. Rowerines between me, my typewrite, and my pleasing, the that is it. So I have that much control over what per con. But II I come out to Hellywood with the then that many writer have, that I'm agoing to have that much control over a work that it going to be put on the screen—forget it. It not gring to be like that. It is not becomes people out here see ugly, or many, or determined to direct everything or the see that the seed of the control of the seed of the control of the co

experts. Some people have been in lighting, or make-up, or whatever for all their lives. And I've met seen of these people, Marveduo, bund-working, totally dedicated to their craft. Again, these are people who are in lighting, people who are into set designing, who are give, costeme designing, who are give, costeme designing, who are give, costemed resigners, people who 've been in and around films after their fathers and monthers who were also in and around films. They are totally self-confident. They are good at what they

So here comes your writer. He writes a scene and says, The lighting has to be here," and "The costumes have to look like this." Then he also tells the actors how to act. You then have the situation where you, the writer, are trying to bring something to the screen, but you've mush the mistake of telling all these people you need to bring something to the screen just bow to go about it.

Now my way of handling a script, and I've found it very successful indeed, is to say as little as possible about

what these people should do. They're much more familiar

...GREGARIOUSNESS IS NOT JUST A PLEASURE, OR AN ENTERTAINMENT; IT'S A VITAL NECESSITY FOR HUMAN BEINGS.

DE STORE COL

with the same of the art and the mechanics of film than 1 could very possible b. Level v care if the declares on comma and home up on it, there are still selvances that have considered and the same of the

is rancify the method you're stating about.
Well, you see, the exipt is handed to a floor manager
and a sinematographer, and they start breaking it down,
making short, chumping it. because what you are on the
scene is not obtain in the sequence you extensily see it in,
which I'm arm you already know. Bot if they have a similar
set which is to be used several times throughout the picture,
they tend to shoot that all at once, even though it may only
sperse spendically. Things like that So, you write to

account for that. You respect the expertise of the experts. You make it easy for the experts to be experts.

If you can do that, than you're going to get a lot more cooperation on the lot than you would get if you communded them to do this, and communded them to do that. especially when you don't know anything about their specialities. So mise is a totally different approach from Hazlan's.

As you've already said.

One of the best lines I've ever written in my whole life, anywhere, including in lettwirten, was in "Armost Time". At the very end of the picture Spock, as far as he known having Elline to eyes in the State (see "Armost Paris" as he known having Elline to ever to the rival he was builting over her for in the first pince. This is after winning the princers fair and square. He now in command of the Enterprise, and he 's going to go back to Statubase and give himself up for killing the captain during that mining flerency Spock had from Himself in the Captain during the insing flerency Spock had from Himself up for the captain during the insing flerency Spock had from Himself up for the captain during the insing flerency Spock had from Himself up for the captain during the insing flerency Spock had from Himself up for the first production of the captain during the insing flerency Spock had from Himself up for the first production of the captain during the insing flerency Spock had from Himself up for the first production of th

And in the middle of this ampainh, Spock says to his roal about the princess, "You can have been. After a time, however, you may find that having is not so pleaning a thing sea wasting. It may not be logical, but it is often very true." In immensely proud of that line. Not only that, it was crucial to the entails pot of that particular Star Tried episode. It brought the whole story to a point right then. The plot was meanineless without.

Now I happened to be on the Paramount for when they were design the unders of "Anno! Time." The picture was finished and they'd does a partie-up. The potter was finished and they'd does a partie-up. The paste up in when the opicode is just gloud regather, with on mustic and so round effects. Anyway, they can the episode through in the servening row, and a was siming there waiting for this lime of Specks', And it wasn't there. It was gone, And Just Hipped cost. Usually I'm a very quiet and unaggreerive person, John 'like to make trouble. I always feel that the other new Anne men than I do.

other guy knows more than I d

But this time I went restring down to Bob Juntuma's office, Sur Too's executive produces are the time, and I Just raised helt. Lust stamping and screaming. At fair the chought, 7.0 Hearn, we've got another Hatin Billion here." But gardauly he began to understand what I was saying. Suddealy be jumped up and said, "Coven with me." We went down to the cuiting room, where they were centing my eptode. By the way, said was the fair than To I cover seen a proposed, by the way, said was the fair than To I cover seen reverence for these people's expentise, when they're really good at what there's.

They were already fifty-two feet over length on my episode, and the scene with my missing line was twenty-six feet long. So, really, there was seventy-eight feet to deal with. We've got to get rid of fifty-two feet and then still go back another twenty-six in order to replace this segment.

So the cutter starts running this scores forward and backwards or thir machine. Here's a little shot where Captain Kirk looks into the camera and then turns to the left. Ok. Cut the bit where the captain looks into the camera. You keep where he turns to the left. That 's two and a half feet right there. Now, all the while, this oditor's got this thing poing on his heart, "Seventy-eight minus two and a half," and whatnot. He keeps this going until he's gradually reduced that seventy-eight to zero. Then he builds the twenty-six feet of my line back into the picture, splicing all the time. It's invisible mending, he's made no appreciable effect on the falm at all. Yet he restored this scene to me.

And it was the most wonderful thing. I was shootably all half-begganded by the way beth mass worked. Bestallit stiff, it rully was Later on I had the lappy experience, thing it was the stiff of the st

You've brought up some problems in working with television. So I have to ask you, How do you manage to function in that medium? It's so restrictive..

It's never going to be my major outlet. I don't like the medium or the people who work in it, mostly. Let me give

I remember going to the screening of the plot for It.

These A Thirft, and afterwards I soluted by blew my top. I went to the producer's office after the screening and usid,

"this is the most immeral picture I have very some in the producer's office after the screening and usid,

"this is the most immeral picture I have very some interpolation of the producer's producer in the producer have been produced by the producer when the producer have the producer to the producer with the producer in the producer in the producer is the producer in the producer in the producer is the producer in the producer in the producer in the producer is the producer in the producer in the producer in the producer is the producer in the producer in the producer is the producer in the producer in the producer is the producer in the producer in the producer is the producer in the producer in the producer is the producer in the producer in the producer in the producer in the producer is the producer in the producer

But to gently a gay who couldn't kins a gair without testing her entirge, which is when happened in the pilot, who was a failf and the one of a failf, whose value to wait the sail of and the one of a failf, whose value to wait to the sail of the

You know, this kind of thing has hopponed to me many innea before, I do forecast thing like that, and they do come true. But, invariably, they're much later in coming true that I said they would be. I figured that the explosions on the CIA would be booming in about eighteen months. Well, it took nardy eight your before their finally blew. But I knew that it was coming, and that any series like that...television was just full of glodification of the CIA at that time.

1 Spy, for example. Also Mission Impossible. I just

couldn't believe my eyes. People were being commed into believing how here loss and universitive them pies were. But, purificultarly, they were being fed the fact that these guys could but nin on slayedy cles 's property. I guant my privacy very carefully. B' any castle. I have my own life-tyle and I down't like it being interrupted from controls. Nobody slee seemed to have that feeling, and the whole American public—by the tens of millions, literally—being educated that your home was your castle, except when the CIA or the FBH wanted to get into it.

Yeah, in which case it comes down to the police state. And in which there's no recourse to defending your own property, or protecting your own privacy, or having your own individuality respected by the law in general, or by the public apencies you're paying for in particular.

Or the police.

And all this because of ane show If you multiply ALL the attitudes television is trying to inculcate, it really gives you name, doesn't it?

Yeah, you're right. That's just the tip of the proverbial iceberg.

So let us say that there are arens of television I couldn't

So let us say that there are areas of television I couldn get through. And the attitude of television is simply incredible. Absolutely incredible. Did I tell you about my recent experience along those lines?

Na.

Just a few months ago I was called in to do a pilot. Past of the Bibls, the basts show format, had to do with his gay who went zeround beating up baddles with his karste thing, and so on. And his father could communicate with him sit all times by means of this up that had been justed in his sort; head. Dably was tunning the knobs, working the transmitter, parting the calles, giving the directions, so or. So the had on the property of the sort of the sor

But I had a suggestion. That the scientist in the laboratory would not be his father, but his mother; a top grade scientist with a first order mind. What I visualized was the kind of woman you see on the commercials, who's playing tennis with her daughter, wins a point, and leaps over the net to shake hands with her. Active and attractive And they immediately said, "Uh-uh. No way." I said, "Why not? The time has come, and it's past time, for a woman to have a strong dramatic series." Of course at this point in time there's already a Palice Woman and so on, but this is a sex change operation with the same old crap. But there's nothing where a woman does a woman's kind of thing. An intuitive, sensitive kind of woman, with a very strong dramatic role. They said, "No, it just won't go." And again I said, "Why not?" They said, "Listeo. The only kind of women people want to see on television are fuckable. And a woman at that age is not fuckable." I says, "Hey now, wait a minute. There's a lot of women I know of at 'that age' who'd really take offense at that. There are women at that period of life all across the USA who'd be thrilled to see a woman like themselves being that active."

And again they said, "Nope. That just won't wash. Because the only women they want to see are fuckable." So I asked, "What women are fuckable?" He says, "Eighteen to



#### MORE THAN HUMAN



Wilson of the Interestional Festing Assert
 "One of the very law authorize menta-pieces assect Estes
 cas bose" James Blah

twenty-five. That is fouchable. This older women want to watch be nighten to reven five year old stor, because that is what they identify with. Not with themselve, or those of their own age." It says, "Now think a moremat. I think the time has really come for a good, strong, drematic role for a formation, one that is not Louy, and not if time in the history, and off min the history, and off min of biddy is an off, and pure generally not in-corn. A real dynamic refer." And the goy and it now. Littless, Stargeton, Littless, Stargeton, and the contract water is not story that they had last somes. What some and the start of t

God, that saunds like a line straight out of Netwark. He really said that to you? Verbatim. That nort of directness is a little unusual in that

industry, int' it! But that attitude's nat
That's right. It's all the way through, but here's one
man who would come right out and say it in no many words.
Reslly, the produce! wast to after seeing the IT date of
Thirty placy just disn't know what it was talking about. He
just at there as demind he failse maine and blacklished into,
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I don't think as a trouble maker. They just felt I couldn't be controlled, I don't think they're interested in the stightest in controlling me for the sake of constructing me. The not paramoid. They're not interested in keeping me in line for their own egos, or anything like that. It a just that they fined thinkersted in keeping me in line for their own egos, or anything like that. It a just that way fined thinkers in the first probability of their lines are sufficiently in the same than the same than

This guy, the one who told me be didn't want crusaders, understood whalf was saying. And he was able to articulate, flat out, what it is the public wants to look at, what the studies and the networks want, what the opensors want, and what they want. They want to get on the air, and they? going to get there by giving the public what it had last

season.

That reminds me very much of something that
happened when I first started to write. I'd had an experience
when I was married the first time, which was a very unusual
kind of experience to have.

Just as an aside, how many times have you been married?

Five. Anyway, I write this reportance into a short stray, and sett of of a securing in agents. She rejected it. Gerel begame office, big maggins, and she rejected it will arrange in the control of the

She went on to say, with a perfectly straight type writer, that what her magazine needed desperately was new, fresh, original ideas. But nothing outside the readers' experience. Does that grab you?

As you said, with a perfectly straight typewriter.
Yeah, and this is part of the same Hollywood syndrome. Still. I don't think these people are evil.

People who are intelligent go into television and produce things that are intelligent, things like Regitard Rose's The Defenders and so on, but these people invariably seem to come in strong, peak up, and then start to diminish. That does seem the case:

But it's not that they run out of lokes. It's, first, that the pressure to get those pages out is no commons. Televistation is a hunger, hungry animal, man, it gebbies up pages and pages of material. Hundred of millicos of pages. And it does not so fast that the people who produce these pages are always and get tog get them out fast enough. So that's one aspect, and the property of the produce the property of the relationship of the produce the property of the prorelationship of the property of the property of the proteam of the property of the property of the property of the busic programs that are quote, "controversial," unquete. So, gradually, you get things that aren't "controversial." And pretty soon you see scripts that turn on whether or not the pancake batter comes out alright.

Mare Than Human is also under option for filming in France, isn't it?

Yeah. I'm negotiating, and negotiating very carefully, it's something that I want, but it isn't something that I need. Let's start with that. You'll do an awful lot of things when you're hungry that you wouldn't do when things are a bit more stable.

To date, More Than Haman is my negama opac. I don't think if it immain no. I think my now work in progress, Goffoody will be, ultimately. In the meantime, More Than Hamans is, defect, More Than Hamans has been perhaps in seventeen languages, all over the world. And I want it filmed with the same qualities, the same feators that made it go into seventeen languages. Eighteen, actually—it's going to be enablished in Hamanary next smile.

So I want it on screen with those particular qualities, and I know what those factors are. Consequently, I don't want anyone—producer, director, screenwriter—to take these elements out. So this is why! I'm proceeding with externee castion. I'm not leaping to close any deal. I won't, under I'm absolutely sure that the people I'm dealing with will be able to do what I expect from them.

Of course, I know better that to thirk that as a single individual I can take control over a film production. No one can do that. It takes too may people with too many kinds of expertise to do it. But I do want to lowe who I'm dealing with. Again, the poculiarities that make More Than Haman what is it, that the made it so popular is no nonary editions for so many years, I just don't want them to be deprived. I want them to be in there, and until I'm were they are in them, I, won't close may deal.

I not on those conditions along your own recreeplay?

Is one of those conditions doing your own screenplay?

I'll do my own screenplay, or I'll do it with the director.

But I will not turn it over to anyone else.

As in the care of Killdozer?

Yeah. I won't do that with More Than Human. This book has been sold twice before, you know...One was an agency caper, purely an agency caper, and it was ridiculous. Never mind the details on that one.

The other deal was rather more interesting. I had Orson Welles as a director. With Orson, I did a acceenplay and two complete revisions in twenty-eight days. It was an insane piece of work. Just incredible. We worked so hard...And



then the company we were working for blew apart, and Orson disappeared. He showed up four days later, in Rome, at one of his classic wingdings.

Then I got a chunce to fook at the work we'd done, really look at it, and was absolutely appalled. Welles had changed it so drastically it was no longer More Than Human. But he is such an overwhelming personality that you don't realize what has happened until long after he's

removed his magic from the ocene.

I don't want to sound too strong on this, but if I ever get snother chance to work with Orson, I won't. He is just too much people. And his ideas, although they seem to be good ideas while he is around applying the charisma, are not good

In largement to see a film with the most extraordinary color fluid ever seen, in no to hum and aid, "Owns, I've get to take you to see this picture! It's perfect, it's incredible, set to chool of evel-populary and the second of the second of evel-populary and the second of the second of evel-populary and the second of the

chemistry.

Just as Robert Bloch is known as the "the author of Psycho", so to many people are you known as "the author of

Sturgeon's Law", which says that ninety percent of everything is crap. Could we finish this off by explaining how all that come about?

"Actually, I called that "Sturgeon's Revelation" at first. 
"Sturgeon's Law" was, "nothing is always absolutely so." I 
still like that and regard it as one of the few dependable 
truths in the Universe, but it goes unnoticed. Somebody like 
Jim Blish or Danner Knight or Algis Budays got to calling 
the Revelation the Law, and by now automation has set in.

"Sturgeon's Law" derived from a debate I had in the fifties (I forget where or with whom), in which my opponent stayed up all night with a copy of every book and magazine the hotel news shop could supply, and convulsed the audience with a reading of the most Godawful syntax, trite characterizations, stupid situations, bad science, mixed metaphors and flawed logic that any of us had ever seen dumped into the same basket. He then demanded that I concede that ninety percent of science fiction was crap. I had a midden rush of brains to the head and conceded the point, and then went on to explain that ninety percent of everything is crap, and was then able to make the point that S.F. has been ghettoized because of this-and ghettoized by the same people who can recognize a spectrum of excellence in, for example, the Western story, between Shane and Hopalong Cassidy, Or, in Mysteries, between Mickey Spillane and The likes of Grahame Greene and Dorothy L. Sayers.

So what you're ultimately saying is— Denied it's spectrum of excellence and damned to the shetto science fiction has done what so many ghetto survivors have done. It has grown stronger.

Paul M. Samons is a winelproducerductor with on doors documentaries and one feature films of incredit. Blue start from cord in as the exceeding of Senestypes, the first coperiodiction of an animated film better the Soviet Union and the U.S.A. All Senestypes, the first coperiodiction of an 1991. Samons has included spreading a highly for most films to those, business of this Velocit. He has also wittee network of film for mely ambitections at Omal, American Commangraphe and Chine De Cromm, and it the American co-produce of the Toko-Sand, animally skeened (transplant Lapses) entertainment kelvision program Bello Mories. His short stary "In Late December, Before the Soom" amounted in the Next Sent Horn Stories Section XV.

Sammon's current projects include a stint as the Unit Publicist on Robocop 2 (opening nummer 1990) and writing a massive film reference book (to be published by Simon and Schuster in 1991) titled Blood and Rockets, the definitive guide to the best science fiction, horror and fantary films available on videoupe. He is also editing Splatterpuths, a high-profile collection of the greatest writers in this genre and a book tensitive by for a 1900 release.



### CRADLE

ARTHUR C. CLARKE & GENTRY LEE, (WARNER BOOKS, 408 P, \$4.95)

HYBERD NOVELS ALWAYS CREATE THE problems of determining what strengths and weaknesses do you ascribe to which author. Pounnelle and Niven, for example have styles so similar that their joint works don't differ significantly in tone from their solo works. The Arthur CarkeyGenty Lee collaboration,

"Cradle", however is much different from Clarke's last few solo works, so is this a good Gentry Lee book, or a lazy Arthur Clarke novel?

Like a slew of other recent books and movies hitting this general theme, "Craftle" presents an syntenous Whatsis that's carbed near Key West. A science servery and aggrenowie fermale journalist gets enough wind of a stopy that she heads in that direction amont as quickly the Navy effort to locate and determine what happened to the test tight of a new missile prototype that vanished in the area.

The rest of the book reads like a cross between John D. MacDonald and Clarke, with a little William Gibson (in a good mood) thrown in. The heroine hires a two-man charter boat worked by a tecbnohip black writing and involved computer adventure game, and a hummed Harvard burnout still nursing a broken beart and looking for a way to even the score with some sleazy ex-partners who stole a good chunk of treasure from him. The stew also includes the trio of expartners, who can sniff that something's up, and a Navy commander who, in a subplot of no discernable intent, is an amateur actor falling for his 17 year-old co-star in a Tennessee William's play. Just to make sure be's got something to feel guilty about, the commander was also one of the flyers on a Libyan raid a couple of years back.

Hero and Heroine are so obvicouly stated to fall in love that the only suspense about it is when they're going to stop blustering at each other and start getting soft and goosy about what childhood/seen trauma made them the thick-skinned bastards they are today. The resusce is punctuated or casionally by the plot, either

switching one of the Earth characters to some place new, or cutting to a running narration set back on G Whiz that explains what's been going on all this time from the E.T. standpoint. Although a little too derivative of "Star Trek IV". these brim with invention and are the book's best sections, although again I wish I knew whether they were mostly Clarke's or Lee's. Clarke's own style, which was never very chatty to begin with, has gotten so spare in the years since "2001" that he mostly shorthands his books anymore by having Rie Objects do Big Things, and depending on his enthusiaem, filling in the details. Clarke's last book, "2061", was such a throwaway that it seemed little more than a vehicle to float some odds and ends that are apparently needed for the next installment but wouldn't fit properly in it. "Cradle", on the other hand, is positively chatty with also a very sly and subtle strain of bureaucratic satire working in it. The ideas feel like Clarke ideas, but that Gentry Lee was the one to fill things in and couldn't resist showing off a little, so that the real stars of the book aren't the aliens or the humans but a slew of micromachines described in loving detail. No black monoliths wailing here, these placky agents come in all shapes and sizes including an all-purpose device resembling a doormat that steals the show from the people every scene it's in

In the end, it all worths out. Love triumphs. The black guy and the Navy gov get to show what good joes they are, and all the species and missions are saved with a minimal amount of jiggering, but I'm not sure it was worth 408 pages to learn this. Maybe they should have quit after the book got through with the giant

BOOK OF THE DEAD, Edited by John Skipp and Craig Spector

"What's going to come out of those people who think that Night of the Living Dead isn't enough?"

- Robert Bloch

This book is what. John Skipp and Craig Spector took an ancient fear, liberally seasoned it with tremendous writers. buried it in a coffin until the flesh was nice and ripe, and then dug it up for your latenight all-alone-with-the-lights-dimmedand-the-covers-wrapped-around-yourears reading pleasure. I picked up the anthology with a distinct gleam in my eye expecting to sink my teeth into a midnight snack of rotting flesh. I was not disappointed. Releasing a cloud of green putrescence. I slowly turned the pages to the table of contents. Sixteen tales of putrid horror from such masters in the field as Stephen King, Robert McCammon, Remsey Cambell, David Schow, and others! With an introduction by George Romero, the king of the dead, and Skipp and Spector! Wow! A veritable feast of carnotropic delight. Not even bothering to tie on a bib to keep the flesh and blood from my clothing. I began to feed.

"Blossom," by Chan McCounell, is the first corpse to drag itself from its grave. It concerns a rich man who, after he kills his date in a small game of sexual perversion, receives a big suprise and a small education in the sexual needs of the newly dead. Written in a tight, near style, "Blossom," som" shows itself to be a fine starting point for the anthology.

"Mess Hall," reads the next headstone. Richard Laymon weaves a brilliant tale about a serial killer who's victims come back to show him some good old fashioned retribution. Told from the viewpoint of his intended eighth victim, the revenge of the hiving dead is slow and gory. When the dead start to come after her, though, hings quickly change.

Ramsey Cambell's offering to the feat in 'Ik Holps I' You Sing, 'Iging a little not and white to the normal dead stays, with voodoo. Two religious zash, vagoely reminiscent of Johova's Unit messes, show up as Hright's aparters with to messes, those up as Hright's aparters with the messes, the stay as Hright's aparters with a nall around rousing table of a beat factor. "Wet Work," by Philip Nutmen is a well written pieces with a 7 millips of the medium of the with the wide with the stay of the wide with the stay of the wide with the stay of the wide with the work of th

"A Sad Last Love as the Dines of the Demned" is Edward Bryma's contribution to the dead mythos. Unfortunately for ms, and the rest of his fass, it is not up to his normal par. It does, however, have its momenta. Elsewise with "Home Delivery," by Stephen King, About a pregnant had when the momental part is not not the property of the

too slow, a curse in stories of this type.

"Bodies and Heads," by Stove Rasnic
Tem gives a different view of zombles.
Starting as a virus, the disease quickly
spreads and mutates, causing a different
version of the walking dead in each area. It
is an interesting idea and a well written

story.

"Choices," by Glen Vasey, "The Good Parts," by Les Daniels', and Steven R. Boyett's "Like Pavlow's Dogs' all deserve honorable mention as being very good living dead yarm. "Less Than Zombie," by Douglas Winter is an interesting story of the decadent rich's off pring, but deals only briefly with zom-

bies. Despite that, it is a very good story. "Saxophone," by Nicholas Royle, draws an interesting picture of the living and the living dead coexisting and it poses a very interesting cure for the dread discase of death. While "Saxopelone" shows both coexisting, even it sensously at best, "On the Far Side of the Cadillac Deserv with Dead Folix," by Joe Landale, astory about bedmen and the bedman who humb thera, and "Dead Giveaway," by Brian Hodge, about a very entertaining game show with some enusual prize, show that the dead will eventually outnumber the livine.

"Jerry's Kids Meet Wormboy," a brilliant offering from David Schow, is a tale concerning a fat kid with some very urassual appetites. As always, Schow's writing hits like the 'D'train from Hell and leaves one wishing for more.

The final gridy offering on the plate is "Eat Me," by Robert McCammon. As the blurb on the cover states is "masswers all the questions about love among the newly risen." Set in a dead singles bar and an spartment, "Eat Me" shows how one lonely couple escape an eternity of living death.

Well, that's it. The plates have been cleaned and the table cleared. Shall we have drinks? Perhaps a Bloody Mary? And then perhaps I could just have a nibble or two...

-Phil Gardner

#### THE WEREWOLF'S TALE by Richard Jaccoma (Fawcett)

Since Robert McCammon's next book is about a werewolf fighting the Nazis in WW Two, it intrigued me that another book using the same idea would be released just four months before How of the Wolf

Set in the New York City of 1939, the main character is a private eve named Jimmy Underhill, a world weary type written about by many other writers, particularly Ross MacDonald. While the plot is interesting, with all sorts of gremlin, ghoulies and beasties, it is sometimes offset by the portrayal of Underhill. Although he wears his sense of humanity on his sleeve, he treats virtually every woman he encounters like cheap trash. Not only does he want to have sex with snything in a skirt, he usually does, and often in the elegriest manner at his disposal. When he meets a gentle young woman and falls in love with her, we don't necessarily hope -

3

he gets the girl of his dreams. Underhill may talk about women with respect, but the manner in which he treats them be-

speaks anything but. When Underhill is bitten by a myste-

rious she-welf and gains mrascolous thop-chiffing powers, it only scenes, so only scenes, proughties since his entimalistic side has prodominated his behavior anyway. Perhaps the rough edges to Underhill's personality are supposed to give him character and the story gril, but he comes so the same than a same than the same

Here we have a Nazi plot to conquer the world with the sid of the supernatural and an ones old survivor of Altantis, as well as a resurrected munumy. The plotting is swift and we meet some interesting, chrartens along the way, but the characters along the way, but the characters will be superinded to drive through. An entertaining book with an elsew belief or the sequelimental to drive through. An entertaining book with an early one of the superinded to the superinded through through the superinded t

—James Van Hiso

BLOOD IS NOT ENOUGH edited by Ellen Datlow (William Morrow & Co.) 320 pages, hardback, \$19.95

Vampire fiction has come a long way since the days of Dracula. The monster is now our next door neighbor, or a friendly stranger on the beach, a famous model, a juvenile delinquint, a face in a dream. The rules Bram Stoker set down on paper so long ago are now being challenged, broken, or often completely ignored. The idea of vampirism, people preying on other people, whether for blood or something else, is a theme that is being taken very seriously by writers of today. Blood Is Not Emough, edited by Omni's Ellen Datlow, is a book of 17 such stories by authors who take the theme a step further then pure horror/adventure and deal with topics of survival, control, guilt, immortality, madness, loneliness and love.

A few stories in this book seem to be written merely to shock the reader. But most of them delve deeper into thecharacterization of the vampires or the victims, and give insight into a fentasy/mightmare that has obsessed millions.

The first story, "Carrion Comfort" by Dan Simmons, deals with a kind of vampire that can manipulate and control others telepathically for its own macabre pleasure by sheer force of will. These vampires coldly compare notes on the latest disasters they are responsible for. One vampire, however, discovers she is losing interest in the game of controlling others. Simmons takes the reader on an adventure of destruction, and the expected battle between sort-of-good and mostly evil, set in a city of imaginative characters and events. What makes this story unique is the writing and the characters. The vampires are monstrous in their lack of morality and feeling, but they are real people, too. The most interesting stories are the ones that show villains in sympathetic as well as antipathetic situations. It's not that they should be justified in the evils they do, it's just that if an author can gamer a little understanding for the character, the story will be all the more chilling. Simmons does that in "Carrion Comfort."

Another story which shows the vamnire as a real person who has, through circumstances, become a monster, is "A Child of Darkness" by Susan Casper. This is about a girl who, through a strange disease, has come to believe she is a vampire and behaves accordingly. Vampirism has become an atrangely attractive in this culture due to books such as Iterview With A Vamoire, and The Vamoire Lestat, and the movies The Lost Boys, Fright NightT. My Best Friend Is A Vampire, and even Frank Langella's version of Dracula, that some people might end up preferring to think of themselves as vampires instead of merely 'sick' or 'different.'

"To Feed Another's Woe," by Ches Williamson deals with an emotional vampire who is an actress. The main character in this story isn't the vampine, but is the potential victim who makes a trasher startling decision of wanting to become a vampire himself. Again, the allure of the myth is strong. The temptation of power cannot be overcome.

"The Silver Collar," by Garry Kiworth, a gothic love story about a woman who will risk all to be with her vampire lover is another tale that perpetuates the idea that vampires can be designable and erotic. The writing style embodies a story within a story which is quite effective demantically, and adds a sense of realism to an otherwise rather incredible experience.

Haim Ellison's story, "Thy A Dull Kindis," shows vampires as real, everyday people. They are people we've all mist and known, the kind that clamp onto such storous, the kind that clamp onto such master, or farmous, in the hope that they can be part of such greatness. Sometimes they are colled fination, or fans. And poor Eddie Burma has nothing left to give suymore in this postic, timely account line last bours alive in a world that has sucked his easterned type.

Like "Try A Dell Knife," The stories "Drity Work," by Pea Casigan, "Return of the Deut Vampiren," by Sharen N. Farber, and "Lazarus," by Loneid Andreys and deal with a non-literal vampire who does not necessarily mack blood, but drains the life of others around him so that he can continue to live. "Lazarus" by the offen does most humming of the group. Not only does the Biblical commonation give it as sense of supernatural realism mixed with occult belief, but lithus to the need for resperation

of life and death indicating the two were

never meant to be mixed

Stories written for shock alone, with the noncross Historical twist at the end, have their place in this anthology, as well. Chalm Wilson "The See We. Wet A. Wet Could be" is a bizarre interpretation of what Looks Carrol's Warlsen and the Carpenter were really doing as they waited, weeping, along the sandy beach. The characters of this story lave entered a resulting tom out of natural positions and the same of the control of the same place of the same place

them for special celebrations. It is a cold

story, but its unique angle keeps it from

falling short of the more psycological horror most editors seem to prefer these days.

If you like gross (no punches pulled here) stories, "Varioose Worms," by Scott Baker is the one to read. This is about a shapeshifter/magician/shaman who uses taneworms as one means to control or drain his victims. This character, Eminescu Eliade, is so intent on trying to control his world, his future and those around him, that he never finds time to just live. His manipulations wear him out until he grows careless and ripe for revenge. Even with all the run-on sentences and complex descriptions of Paris and shamanism and the history of Eminescu's life. this novelette is probably the most original and most disgusting story in the entire anthology. If you can wade through the main character's many physical changes (not to mention the parenthetical descriptions throughout) you won't be dissapointed.

Probably the award for the most poetic, romantic story would go to Tanith Lee for her image-filled story "The Janfia Tree," about a woman who has lost all hope in life and exists in an indifferent vacuum-like mental state described antly in this line from the story. "It was all very beautiful, but one comes in time to regard mortal glamours rather as the Cathars regarded them, snares of the devil to hide the blemishes beneath, to make us love a world which will defile and betray us." Her supernatural experience will change her forever, and Lee's superb storytelling talent makes this story the reviewer's choice for personal favorite.

"Good Kida", "by Edward Bryantis a story of seemingly innecent children's actory of seemingly innecent children's story of seemingly innecent children's confronting a vampire of extreme age and power. It's not Feb Lost Boyy results rather a conforting tale showing that children do not all ways have to be vicinis' if they stock together and use their minds. Adults zere' it sways the stronger minds. Adults zere' it sways the stronger minds. The lesson seems to be: never underestiment they witer. Bryant makes the prefetchy per action of the property of the property of the prefetchy clear in this interesting, very realistic experience.

Vampires have many, as yet unexplored, powers. Pritz Lieber's "The Girl With the Hungry Eyes" concerns a woman who models and instantly becomes a hit because of something in her eyes that attracts statestion. She is the advertiser's dream. You can't not look a her. Any product the sells is a guaranteed success. Can vampires contribute to society? This one does somewhat, but takes more than he gives, as it always seems to be. That is the art of wampirism, the taking...and not stocomic wall you have it all.

One story, with a reputation for its controversial nature, involves a vampire in a Nazi concentration camp during WWII. I'm not sure the controversy surrounding the story, "Down Among the Dead Men, by Gardner Dozois and Jack Dann, is about the vamoire in it. It seems that just about anything written about Nazi's and their victimization of Jews becomes controversial in itself due to the overly sensitve subject. In this story, however, the camp happens to be the setting of one vampire's home. The Nazis are invisible and the story centers on the prisoners and one man who discovers a vampire among them. Perhaps this story is too well written for some. It paints an ugly, real picture of people and their suffering which make up an uncomfortable reality we don't like to admit to, or see. And that's what vampirism is all about. If we close our eyes, it's not going to go away. Writing about it is the best cure. As Jack Dann says in his afterward to this story, "The vampire is us." That's why I like this anthology. It's about people. When we talk about varupirism, blood is definitely not enough. There's so much more to being hunter or prey than the blood that results in the contest of death.

The last two stories in this collection eres, suprisingly enough, poems. "Nocturne," by Steve Remine Tem is about a retainenthy that fails. Too musch taking and not enough giving definitely fits the themse of this book. And "Time Lappe." by Go Haldeman addresses the same themse in a poem about a father who takes the innocence, character and grivacy of the innocence, character and grivacy of the would have made a good prose story, too, but as a poem it leaves the reader moved with outer. Beginn images that chill as well as the child as the child

well as any of the stories in this anthology.
You don't have to be a fan of vampires to like this book. You must be, rather,
a fan of life. If you like supernatural

realism, science fiction, fantasy, horror, gothic or mainstream literature, you will like this book. Make Way for the new vampires, a breed that is real, and as fascination as it is unpredictable.

-Wendy Rathbone



NECROSCOPE by Brian Lumley, Tor Books, 1988, 505 pages, paperback, \$3.95.

This interesting novel, the first in a transport from Tor, is not what you might expect from Brian Lumley. While Necroscope does have its moments of Lovecraftinspired description, its plot owes more to the technochriller than it does to the Chullus cycle. And though it's not the standard fare for Lumley. he handless this

take of supernatural cold war quite well.

The novel opens in January 1977 as
Aloc Kyja, a member of a secret branch of
the British government, meaks into his
contrividences bods of office. There he is
confronted by a ghost, who happens to
know all about the agent and the section Section
Bods of the section of the section of the
photst proceeds to tell Kyle about the
events in 1971 to 1976 that led up to his
boss' death.

With the framework established, Lumley launches into his tale of two gifted men, both of whom can communicate with the dead. In Moscow, in the service of the Agency for the Development of Paranormal Espionage, Boris Drogosani plies his trade. Dragosani, a rabidly patriotic Slav, is a necromanore—a man who can steal the secrets of the dead by violating their cornses and taking the information he seeks from the dead

We soon learn that Dragosani acquired his power with the help of a vampire, Thibor Ferenczy. Dragosani discovered the "old devil in the ground" when he was a boy in Romania, and the vampire still rests there, waiting to bargain for his release with the necromancer. Through Dragosani's interaction with Ferenczy. Lumley weaves a slightly new variation on the vampire theme. Specifically, Lumley postulates that vampirism is caused by an amphorous, perasitic entity that possesses a victim and turns him into a creature of the night.

Parallel to Dragosam's tale, the ghost tells the story of Harry Kooch, a young Englishman who is necroscope. Like Dragosani, Keogh can learn things from the dead, but he doesn't need to violate their corpses to communicate. He can simply talk to them. The dead, who are basically isolated in the afterlife, resent Dragosani when he more or less range them for information. On the other hand, they love Keooh. He gives them a chance to interact with other beings again.

Keech, for various reasons, is dragged into the world of international ESPionage, and a conflict with Dragosani, now a vampire, becomes inevitable.

The mix of horro and espionage in Necroscope is refreshing, and Lumley comes up with a few intriuing somarioslike ESPers who are "nuclear sensitive" keeping track of submarines and missiles for the Soviet government. However, this aspect of the novel is overwhelmed by the oppernatural plot, especially the slightly Lovecraftian vampire. The book certainly would have benefited if more time were spent on the ESPionage scenes and a little less on Dragosani's relationship with Fer-

In fact, Dragosani's character really didn't seem to merit the extensive background created for him, especially regarding his abhorrence of sex. By the end of the book, the mad Slav is really just a cliched meelomaniac, a walking obstacle for the hero to overcome. Most readers will find his ultimate fate interesting only because of the metaphysical spin Lumley puts on it. and not for any real interest in the villain

The hero, however, is a very peomisine character, and Harry Keneh certainly has the potential to be a vital protagonist in the other two books of the trilogy. While Dragosani remains a rather static villain throughout the novel, Keogh develops slowly and steadily from a beleagured schoolboy to a strong, mick-witted master

of his power. The prose in the book is sometimes rather impenetrable, and the narrative is very choppy. This is especially true in the first half of the book, when Lumley uses a large number of flashbacks to reveal how Dragosani discovered the trapped vampire. At one point during the framing tale, the mysterious phost sells Alec Kyle that · he's sorry to jump around like this" as he's relating the histories of Keogh and Dragosani. The reader will certainly feel that the apology should be directed toward him.

The second book in the trilogy, Vamphri is all ready in bookstores. The third novel should be out soon. If Lumley can develop the ESPionage aspect of the novels, balancing it more carefully with the horror plots, the trilogy could turn out to be a very interesting series. In any case, Necroscope is certainly worth a look.

-by Jim Lowder



#### ON STRANGER TIDES by Tim Powers (Ace)

Ace is for some reason labeling this "science fiction" rather than fantasy, even though it's clearly dark fantasy through and through. Unlike The Anabis Gates in which a 20th century man travelled into the past, everyone in this story is at home in the early 18th century setting and makes the best of it. Tim Power knows how to take his.

torical settings and turn them into highly imaginative dark fantasies. Settling on using the colorful backdrop of the days of pirates of the Caribbean for an adventure in magic is an inspired choice. The main character, John Chandagnac, goes from commoner to pirate in the best Rafael Sabatini manner. Along the way he has to deal with a pair of wizards who have a falling out, returning people from the dead to crew a pirate vessel, a stopover in Florida to visit the actual Fountain of Youth (which is in another dimension), as well as Blackbeard himself

Characterization in the story is strong and the pacing is tight and strong. Just when a scene seems like it's going on to lone, we find that we've been fulled by the auther so as not to expect the sudden turn of events which turns everything on its head. It's a story who narrative page doesn't flag from the beginning, right up to the last page, and while it's an unabashed adventure, it recalls the best of such sto. ries, recenturing the stylish sense of romance we never expected to find again in a tale of swashbuckling strangeness.

Tim Powers has carved out a niche with the historical dark fantasy and he writes them with such verve and energy that he makes the past seem rich with wonder and excitement. Under his hands the past becomes a place of mystery and amazement just as though it was an alien world rich in possibility and promise.

-James Van Hise



STREET movies. Freddy haunts people in their dreams and those people fight back, with varying degrees of success, sided and



#### FREDDY KRUEGER'S A NIGHT-MARE ON ELM STREET

#1

The "bastard son of a thousand maniacs" is back to wreck havoc in Springwood, following the same tried and true formula established in the NIGHTMARF ON FLM abetted by artists Rich Buckler and Tony Dezuniga, although you can't tell where one ends and the other begins because the slick inking of Alfredo Alcala overpowers any artist he inks, making the work look like Alcala's own. Alcala's excellent use of black areas and his style of shading are perfectly suited to black and white horror comics. Steve Gerber makes the best of the series' metrictions and in this premiere. issue he manages to sein a tale of Freddy's two current objects of ill intent while also revealing the facts surrounding Krueger's conception (as revealed in A NIGHT MAREON ELM STREET PART THREE: DREAM WARRIORS) as well as adding never before told tales of Freddy's childhood. These are the most interesting parts of the story as Freddy's terrorizing of people in their dreams tends to get repetitious as there's only so much you can do. Gerber does come up with some fine borrific images, though, including the bodies of children tumbling out of an elevator as well as two women sinking into Freddy's brain tissue in a giant version of Krueger's head. But the last two Freddy movies, and those occasional enisodes of the TV somes which feature him in stories, tend to keep reworking the same plot, just dropping in different characters meeting different sorts of grisly conclusions at Freddy's hands. It would be nice if the comic book series at least tried to break out of the formula and tell some different kinds of stories using Kronowr and the parameters of his deadly powers.



## MONSTERS ATTACK #1 &

#2 GLOBE COMMUNICATIONS

With the demise of Warren Publishing's CREEPY & EERIE, the black and white horror magazine seemed to drop from favor and the format was abundoned by comics publishers. Now suddenly several different publishers are returning to that form with new and quite different

MONSTERS ATTACK (seemingly

C 0

inspired by the names of the "Mars Attacks" and "Dinosaurs Attack" bubblegum card series) is brought to you by the people who publish CRACKED, the only MAD magazine imitator to survive from the Fifties to today.

This is an anthology horror magazine very much in the tradition of what CREEPY & EFRIF were like and in fact uses some of



the same artists who worked for those titles, including Steve Ditko, John Severin and Gray Morrow.

The tooles are clay, but generally are not very imaginative. "The Sex Vampines From Outer Space" is about a teenage boy who is hoping to meet this all girl rock group to see if they' in real vampires. He is disappointed that they' in rob because he is a vampire himself. The Gray Morrow art is top noteb and makes the story seem better than it is.

"A Monster For All Seasons!" by Pat Bornel states out well when a man befriends a demon, which is forcably taken away from him by the rulers of the kingdom who want the imp for themselves. Rather than revealing much about the demon, the story just follows to a predictable conclusion.

"Return of the Golem!" written by Moet Todd and drawn by John Severin is the best story in the issue and features the Golem legend coming to pass in World War Two Germany. The story is very effective and Severin's art maintains his usual high level of quality.

Ditko's entry is a surreal effort titled
"In Solid!" shout a transformed scientist
who takes revenge on the man who tried to

kill him. "Weitshessed" is the strangest and most violent story in the issue and concerns a man who has some sort of little alten mossiter who has some sort of little alten mossiter living used rish titch, bushy beand. It takes place during the waster in Northern Cansala and is written and dawn by the artist Renik. Tyler, who uses the pseudosyn "Madman," It's both moody and frightening, which title character being an original concept in the realm of horest.

Issue #2 leads off with a Severin cover of, who else, Freddy Krueger! It's tied to a shoet article in the issue. The lead story, "Aquacamivora" is

drawn by Gray Morrow once again and is an adequate little story about carnivorous mermaids.

Bhob Stewart, whose well written articles and interviews have appeared in numerous publications over the years, chronicles the career of prainter Norman Saunders, whose work is best known to fans from the paintings he did for the "Mars Attacks"

bubblegum card series in the early Sixties.

Two classic (and public domain) heaver stories are adapted in this issue. They're
Poe's "The Cask of Amontillado!" and
Lowering is "The Ostrider."

Ditko provides another oddfull science fiction entry while the final lot is once again occupied by a very weird story by Madman called "Abra Gadweza." Mad man hasn't received a lot of recognition aithough be does do some very individual and original work. His so to black & white comic LUNATIC BINGE was reviewed in MIDNIGHT GRAFFIT #1 and we spoke highly of more for the work on dividual where.

In just two issues, MONSTERS AT-TACK! has demonstrated a definite focus and sense of itself as the stories form an interesting cross-section of talent and variety. Although priced at \$1.49 makes it looks like an BLI Obsepto monster magazine, it definitely has work to recommend it.



## HORROR: THE ILLUS-TRATED BOOK OF FEARS

NORTHSTAR PUBLISHING

Although originally announced as a color comic, this too has emerged simultaneously with the other new black and white magazines and it doesn't suffer for the lack of promised color.

of promised color.

The lead story, "Timed Exposure," is written by Richard Christian Matheson and is the kind of eerie psychological horror tale that he excells in. The artwork by Mark

Bernal is adequate if a bit amateurish.
Vincent Locke's art on Paul Dale Anderson's "Bug House" is excellent, though, and perfectly captures every element of the story. Locke is best known for his work on

the Deadworld comic book series.

"The Crushing Death" by Bob Weinberg and Gazy McCluskey is an interesting story marred by having two pages printed.

out of order. This is one of those production problems which bedevil writers. I should

know as I've had it happen to me. "Perhaps, Dreamed by Many" by Monty Sheldon is a very surreal story which achieves its intent of reproducing the visual impact of a nightmare

The longest story in the issue is also the best, because it takes advantage of the extra length to develop the character and tell an interesting tale. "And of Gideon" written by Mort Castle and drawn by Mark Bernal & Gary McClusk runs 28 pages but tells the life story of a serial killer in chilling psychological detail. The artwork is a bit on the fannish side, as though we're seeing the art of someone who'll be doing some interesting work a couple years from now, but at this point the inking by McClusk is not as good as the draftsmanship of Bernal. The only other annoying aspect of the story is that the typesetting in the captions tends to change in size depending on how much room the text in the caption has to fill. The hand lettering in the word balloons is thus iarring in contrast because it introduces a third typeface style, plus the hand lettering is a bit on the crude side. And yet the story is strong enough to overcome these produc-

tion problems and works in spite of them. This premiere issue shows a magazine with a lot of promise and which, while an anthology horror comic, has a distinctly MONSTERS ATTACK! and an identity all its own. This is one worth watching and I hope it continues.



THE BLADESMEN BOOK ONE BLUE COMET PRESS

It's back to normal sized comics with

this 36 page R&W sword & sorcery comic-This comic introduces The Bladesmen and features a single story titled "A Gathering Of Hawks" and deals with the finest warrior from each of four kingdoms chosen to battle the might of an evil witch. With the secret help of another wizard they defeat her in a very standard 17 page story. Even the climax is predictable and occupies less than 2 pages even though this is what everything was building up to. The main problem lies in the lack of space allotted for plot development as the rest of the book consists of pinups of the main characters rendered by various artists. Considering these characters were only just introduced and haven't done enough to endear us to them, a dozen nages of pin-ups of them is really outting the cast before the horse. While this is something done periodically in Marvel Fanfare. at least there it's with characters who have been around a couple decades and have stood the industry test of time and have actually developed a following who would want to see such a gallery of illustrations. It's a bit early to presume that The Bladesmen have such an easer horde of fans.

The best art in the issue is a very nice color rendering by Steven Hughes on the back cover. The front cover, also by Hughes. is less effective as the rendering of the witch is a victim of amateur anatomy as her breasts are practually the size of basketballs, a sure





# PREDATOR #1 (of 4)

# I (OI 4)
DARK HORSE COMICS

This color comic is a spin-off of the science fiction hit of the nummer of \*88. Duch Schnefer (the character played in the film by Amod Schwarzenegerp; is absent and instead we have his brother. This is probably because I wannish to reduce the substantial way to be a substantial to the substantial to the substantial that t

And so we have Datels Schaefer's botther, a New York City police detection who keeps coming up against strange massacres (as opposed to ordanay massacres) in which some of the victims have been strong up by their feet and skinned. One massacres (of a gong of drug dealers, but the other is of a subway cur full of yuppies. It's clear that the Army knows what's going on and there's a scene indicating that Dutch

Schaefer disappeared after his foray into

Central America.

The script by Mark Verheiden is much more tight and to the point than his plot in the ALIENS B&W mini-series, and the writing and the dialogue move the story along swiftly with just the right associates of

tension and susponse. The art by Christ Warner and Sam de la Rosa, and the coloration by Christ Children, and Loombies to form a perfect synthem and and an expension of a four-time of the coloration of a four-time of the coloration of the colorat

age of entertainment.



# WEREWOLF AT LARGE #1

ETERNITY COMICS

There's been a resurgence of interest in werewolves in the genre lately, what with various novels featuring them as well as the short-lived TV series of two seasons back. But unlike the traditional tales of werewolves, this comic is in keeping with the other more contemporary approaches which feature the lycanthrope as the unlikely hero.

"The Monster and Martin Cross" in troduces the title character and his alter-ego in a story written by S.A. Bennett und pencilled and inked by John Ross and Mike Roberts. There's some awkward pusels here and there in this B&W cousie, but overall the art is pretty good and the inking by Mike Roberts maken good use of the black & white cousie hose forms.

Our friendly werewolf is introduced as a good guy up front when he saves a little girl from a child molester, and later rescues a lady reporter. Casey Casternak, from a gang of Satanists. This sets up the series as we meet Martin Cross, who can change into a werewolf at will, and his psychic grandmother. The grandmother, one Marta Monrovich, is very casual about all this, perhaps too casual for the reporter. In a very realistic scene the reporter comes to decide that this is all ton much and these people must be nuts while Martin is undressing in the next room so that he can demonstrate his shape-shifting power. Casey takes a powder, not wanting to stick around to watch Martin in the buff. She quickly learns the error of her ways.

Although it's not explained what the significance of it is, the "Next Issue" page features an illustration of the werewolf in front of a full moon, rendered by Tim Vigil. It's a very nice illustration but whether it means Vigil will be doing any further art in the necond issue in it's revealed.

The story and art are better than average and this is a title worth following to see how it develops.

# LAST KISS

BY JOHN WATERS ECLIPSE

This B&W 52 page comic is a showcase of the work of British attist John Watkins. His style is one of fluid, inkly grace making much of contrasting Blocks and whites. In some respects his work resembles that of Aldem Weilliams in its grace and flow of the pren and the style of inking. But it still retains a definite individuality and a lot of dramatic cinematic touches such as using angles which emphasize the context of the characters in a setting or landscape which dwarfs them, particularly in "The Scarecome"

The stories are interesting but are more sedate than the more frenetic type of horror that American readers tend to expect. Monsters are not the subjects or objects of these tales so much as cruel fates and forces beyond man's meagre control or understanding.

Two adaptations are Poe's "The Black Cat" and D.H. Lawrence's "The Rocking



Home Winner," both very different kinds of stories which nonetheless emphasize the inescapable inevitability of fate.

The one story which steps far apart from the others is "April's Fool," a metaphorical tale which satirizes the arbitrary nature of a ruling elite.

"Kiss & Tell," a two page interview with the artist, demonstrates that artists are sometimes best seen and not heard. Here the 26 year old artist voices arrogant opinions sure to one day make him wince, such as completely dismissing the entire artistic output of Hal Foster.

But such lapses aside, Watkiss remains an interesting artist and one can hope that more of his work will make it across to North American shores



# ALIENS #1 (OF 4)

(DARK HORSE

No, this is not the same issue we reviewed back in M.G. #2. Rather this is a color follow-up, the first issue of a second ALIENS mini-series which picks up precisely where issue #6 of the recently completed B&W series left off.

Written by Mark Verheiden, the story involves Newt and Hicks as the sole human survivors on a spacecraft returning from the alien homeworld. Along the way they have to fight off three of the monsters who are aboard ship. It's an effective little thriller with only one lapse of logic near the end. When Newt is examining the exterior of the craft, she encounters an alien hiding inside one of the rocket engine tubes and only just manages to clear it before the tube is activated to crisp the alien. The only problem is that Newt, while clear of the direct end of the tube, is so close that she stiff would have been fried. It may just be that the artist needed to draw her that close to fit her in the drawing. Call it artistic license. The movies

certainly have their share of that.

The painted art by Denis Beauvais is quite lovely, doing for the series in color what Mark Nelson did for it in black and white. The work is really exquisite and in

much more painted comic strip art than most of the attempts at this approach taken by Marvel & D.C. comics.

Try it. You'll like it.



## CALIBER PRESENTS #1-3

CALIBER PRESS

This black and white series of anthology comics has quite a variety of material. While it's of a hit and miss quality, it at least tries to present some different short strips and is similar in approach to the DARK HORSE PRESENTS authology series.

In the first issue, the least dotry (which

is a serial continuing in each issue) is "Heart No. O'Durkness," his sword and soccery story is written and drawn by Tim Vigil (a rightly be popular artist in B.&W comise here days) and laked by Tim Tyler. The story is your typical barbarian swoordname fights black magic series with Vigil giving himself lost of interesting images to draw. The writing is passable but some of it is memorable. We could be the wine with the before and only Vigil's art makes it pleasant to see

again The second story, "The Crow" by Jim O'Barr is a weird interlude in which a bizarre character who looks like a vampire street-mime encounters a burly burgler and proceeds to terrorize the man. The thief stabs the man, who blends but it otherwise untroubled by the wound. The stranger warms the thief to tell them he's coming, but who he is and who is supposed to be told that he's coming remains unclear. It's still a damned effective story both because of the art and because it's truly weird. The restraint in this story has more power than the graphic violence of many other tale told these days in comics.

"Thrill Kill" by Mark Winfrey is the beginning of another serial about an alien world established as a prison world in spite of it already being inhabited, and the people there don't like it that the denizone of the galaxy and being dumped in their front yard. The first three installments of this just set up what is joing on and who the warning factions are without advancing the plot year far, it's on obex SP series.

"lo" by the Barbed Ware Halo Studios is lone on visitals and storytelline style and short on information. Appearone in issues one and three, it appears to be some sort of futuristic Vietnam type of jungle war story with high tech used for hand-to-band combat. The mixture of high-tech (futuristic guns and tanks) and low-tech (20th century style combat uniforms and no apparent body armor) tends to seew the logic behind the technology. We also have no idea what's mally eoing on other than that it's Commies versus Yankees. Even one of the main characters, a cyborg with a mohawk haircut. is introduced with no background, but then neither is anyone else introduced with an explanation. We're apparently supposed to be impressed with the down and-dirty warfare graphics and how everything blows up real good.

The story is fine from a graphics point of view, but if we're supposed to read a story one must be given enough information to that we can follow it and logically understand what's going on. Otherwise it becomes a comic book equivalent of a mindless special effects film.

Issue two has a couple interesting oneshot tales, including a "Deadworld" interlude by Vincent Locke which is very much in the style and approach used in the backup stories currently remaing in the Deadworld comic book. Some human characters are introduced who are introduced to and wasted by some of the zombie-characters who appear in the regular series. It's an interesting study of people facing death. Locke's art is as individual and entertaining

M

as ever.

The lead story, "Gideon's" by Kyle
Garrett and Jim'OBarr, is about a kid who's
actually a 200 year old vampire. He wases
the curse lifted for a few years so that he can
grow to manhood before returning to his immortal ways. Guess what happens as soon
as he's mortal again?

There's some other interesting miscellaneous stories as well as a short preview in each issue of one of Calibre's other titles with an except from the story in the spot-

light.

B's an interesting series. Uneven in quality, perhaps, but interesting nonethe-



PROGENY CALIBER PRESS

This 90 page black & white graphic novel is written and drawn by J. Calaflore and tells an interesting story about a police detective who discovers evidence of a demon loose on earth. It's a very dark and fatalistic story but told in a straightforward fashion which remindst one of the movie Angel

S

Heart.

The style of art makes insteresting use of shading and shadow even though the traching of Lone is conceiline stiff and awk-ching of Lone is conceiline stiff and awk-ching of Lone is consentiated to the state of the sta

Reading this one gets the sensation of secing a good, low-badge herored firm where the piccing never slackens and the story more with a sense in inscandable and un-more with a sense in inscandable and un-more with a sense in inscandable and the sense of the sense o

A very interesting touch is a small subplot involving a man contemplating suicide and trying to build up his courses to carry cut the act. While this sidebar to the story doesn't contribute anything directly to the plot, it does contribute a sense of impending death which underscores the darkness already existing in the story. This approach is more what one would commonly expect to find in a prose novel rather than a comic book story as it is not visually important but does enhance the mood of the story. The subplot even forms the period to the end of the larger story, having an effect much like the slamming of a door in an empty house when you thought you were alone. It's quite good and adds to the overall effectiveness of the parrative. There's nothing here that will revolutionize the form or shake up the genre, but it is a good horror story well told.



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EVERY NIGHT FOR 20 YEARS I BEEN COMIN DOWN HERE LOOKIN FOR THOSE BASTARD THINGS. THE PROBLEM HAS GOTTEN SO BAP WE WORK ON ROTATING SHIFTS 24 HOURS. THE FORMAN LIKES TO SAY "IF THEY'RE IN THE SEWERS IT'S JUST A SHORT STEP TILL THEY'RE IN MY HOME. BUT ... LORD, THERE MUST BE MILLIONS OF UM BY NOW, AN I SWEAR THEY GET SMARTER EVERY YEAR.



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THEY STINK SO BAD YOU CAN SMELL UM EVEN OVER THE SHIT IN THE SEWERS. AND YOU NEVER GET USED TO THE WAY THEY LOOK USED TO THE WAT THEY LOOK EITHER M. LIKE... SOME KINDA HELLISH NIGHTMARE. EVERY TIME I COME DOWN HERE I PRAY THAT I DONT FIND ONE. BUT, YA KNOW WHAT THE DAMN THING IS...?







EVERY TIME I MEET



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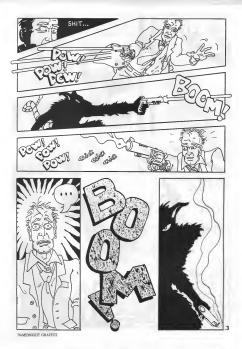




















#### WHAT THEY SAID

#### Dear Jim.

Thanks for the cepy of Midshight Graffish #2. It's a sturring looking magazine, and I'll look forward to seeing feature issues. The cover of #2 is gorgeous, especially your logo. Production values throughout are very high.

I haven't read much of the fliction in 82 ye, but 1 did get to most of the features and the Book of the Dead excerpts. Ruther than a fection magazine, 1 de all MO a testal media magazine. It's a maxwelous approach you have, and with the demise of 72. I imagine you will benefit by plotting up a lot of it's readers. I was never particularly whillfulled with 72, cover read it regulately. MO I goodal read regulately, and bope to do no.

Best, Mark Rainey Publisher/Editor Deathrealm Magazine

#### Dear Jessie and James.

Issue 83 of Midnight Graffiti was, a usual, excellence relation. It is uncommon to fluid such a high standard of theremer and set is one magazine, but to maintain a consistently high standards of the standard and consistent and set of the standard of the standard high standard and particularly high and high standard particular and with a seeme of humes both self efficing and setfendingly bizzare (se evidenced in your "Firm Beyord," Fireditions", and "Humon" sections, Is a feat both admirable and projectoworthy.

You have my undivided attention. Long may you run.

> Best wishes Dorman T. Shindler Grafton, MA.

(Thank you. - Ed.)

#### WHAT THEY MEANT

...too many articles.

... not enough fiction.

... I don't see what's so funny.

...I don't know why you guys don't print on slick paper.

...Stephen King never sent us a story.

...I guess it's the best I can do since Twilight Zone folded.

...if typos were an art, you'd be Picasso.

COMING NEXT ISSUE PSYCHOS

MICK GARRIS K.W. JETER

THE JERSEY DEVIL ED GEIN: IN THE FLESH AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

Dear Jessie and James,

Loved your spring 1989 issue highlighting Stephen King. Although I'm a big fan of his What attracted me to your magazine was the excellent story "Sweet Pea" by Rex Miller. This goy's fantastie! Where has been hiding?

Please keep up the wonderful work you are doing for this genre. Good material like your magazine is what belps this country realize that Horror is here to stard

> Sincerely Bob Kratz, Jr. Allentown, PA

Dear Jessie and James,

Congratulations on your first issue of Midnight Graffini. It's excellent! Your magazine is <u>different</u> from everyone else's and that's what it takes to be successful originality.

> Best wishes, Ann Stevenson Night Winds Books Kansas City, MO

Dear People at Midnight Graffiti,

Just wanted to drop a note to you raying I thought your first issue was great. Better then you made it sound. I can't walt till the next. Thanks & stay well.

> Good luck, Nicholas Caudeloui Treaton NJ

80-MIDNIGHT GRAFFTII

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